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THE GETAWAY

*When I write about horse thieves,
I don't say it's wrong to steal horses.
That's for the jury to decide, not for me.*
Chekhov

Based on the novel
by
Jim Thompson

Revised: 8/1/92

NOTE: *All dialogue to be spoken in Spanish and subtitled in English will be underlined in the script.*

FADE IN:

1 INT. BAR - DALLAS - NIGHT 1

Smoke hangs in the air.
Hard charging Texas rock band blasting away --
Dancers wearing cowboy hats.
Mini-skirted cocktail waitresses.
Neon.
Glitz.
The old west meets the new west meets rock and roll...

2 BACK TABLE - DOC - CAROL - RUDY TRAVIS 2

She's a looker.
Blonde.
Late twenties.
A pouty mouth that looks kind of flirty.
RUDY'S about 35, lean...
Long hair under his Stetson.
The dope-dealer hippie look.
DOC McCOY across the table from him...
He's a compact, athletic six-footer.
Three days unshaven.
Rimless glasses...

RUDY

Two hundred thousand dollars American. I'm
telling you straight --

DOC

Sounds too easy...

RUDY

It is -- I'm here to tell ya -- Easy for you, pard.
You just got to bust his ass out and get him across
the old Rio Grande --

CAROL

What's the hard part?

DOC

Collecting --

RUDY

-- Not this time. This here wetback we're talkin'
about is loaded. I mean this is a big chief down
there in sunny Mexico. And all he wants to do is
get his cousin back... Let me say it one more time,
two hundred thousand -- American.

(to Carol)

Tell him it's a great deal. We split the money even.

CAROL

You gotta be kiddin'.

Continued...

2 continued

RUDY

You taught her good, Doc.

2

DOC

Yeah. Guess she figures I do most of the work, I get most of the dough.

RUDY

It's not like you to be such a greedy bastard. I'm supplying the contract. Without that you got nothin'. And you're gonna need help. I figure that's enough to cut us even.

DOC

You said the payoff's American money, right?

RUDY

Yup.

CAROL

What's this cousin in jail for?

RUDY

Got picked up in a bar -- he was packed. No papers on the piece. Cops searched his car, found two keys of grass.

DOC

I'll think about it.

He and Carol get up -- move away.

RUDY

Don't take too goddamn long -- they're takin' him from city jail to the courthouse day after tomorrow. We got 15 blocks to pull it off. Hour after they sentence him they put him on a bus to Huntsville, even you can't bust him out of there --

3

EXT. PARKING LOT - DALLAS - NIGHT

3

Doc and Carol approach their pick-up.

CAROL

That guy gives me the creeps. I just got a weird feelin' about Rudy -- he's gonna come to a bad end. How'd you ever get hooked up with him? You're the one always telling me you gotta be choosy who you work with --

DOC

We pulled a number together three - four years ago...he's a mean piece of work.

They get inside the truck.
Slam the doors closed.

Continued...

3 continued

DOC

The price is right. And we need a score. Anyway,
it's not about trust. It's about predictability. I
know what makes him tick --

3

Turns and looks at her.

DOC

So what do you think?

CAROL

You already know what you're gonna do -- so why
ask me?

He kicks the engine over --

DOC

I'm supposed to. You're my wife.

She leans over and kisses him.

CAROL

Sometimes you're kinda sweet...

4 INT. CELL BLOCK LANDING - DALLAS CITY JAIL - MORNING 4

A Guard jangling his key ring as he passes by the iron-doored cubicles...

5 INT. LUIS MENDOZA'S CELL - MORNING 5

The electric lock clicks and the door swings open...

MENDOZA steps out, joins the other prisoners on the landing...
He's in his early 30's, tall, not a friendly face.

6 INT. JAIL STAIRWELL - MORNING 6

The prisoners march downward -- on their way to the exercise yard.

7 EXT. CITY JAIL - DALLAS - MORNING 7

An imposing building.

The entrance to the courtyard is protected by iron-grill gates.

8 EXT. COURTYARD 8

The gates open. A prison van enters the courtyard and backs up to a door of
the holding room.

Four guards come up and take positions on either side of the back door of
the prison van.

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4.

9

INT. PRISON VAN

9

Blackness.

The rear doors of the van are opened by a Guard.

A rectangle of light appears. There are eight cage-like cells within the van.

10

EXT. COURTYARD

10

Mendoza and six other Prisoners flanked by four Guards come out of the door of the holding room to the prison van.

Still in his handcuffs, Mendoza climbs into the van. He is locked into the last cell on the right, at the rear end of the van. All the Prisoners are locked into individual cubicles, name plates stuck on the doors...

From outside, a Guard locks the outer door with a thick padlock, then goes around to get into the cab beside the Driver.

11

INT. MENDOZA'S CUBICLE - PRISON VAN

11

Mendoza is sitting on a metal bench; he listens to the van getting started. The engine loudly clanks through the gears...

12

EXT. LONG ALLEY - DALLAS - MORNING

12

As the prison van leaves the courtyard and enters an alley.

The van chugs forward -- slams to a halt to avoid a near accident, as a car leaps out in front from a cross alley...

But the near accident wasn't accidental.

From a recessed position in the alley, Doc swings up onto the bumper at the back of the van --

He's carrying a small black satchel and a pair of bolt cutters.

13

FRONT OF PRISON VAN

13

The car blocking the van is driven by Carol.

She grinds the engine. For a moment the car stalls -- then as the ignition catches, Carol pulls away down the side alley.

14

REAR OF PRISON VAN

14

As it again pulls forward, Doc has attached the bolt cutters to the thick pad lock.

He's wearing black gloves...

Snap!

The lock is cut.

He carefully opens the rear door and enters the van.

15

INT. PRISON VAN

15

Doc examines the name tags attached to each metal door -- finds

Continued...

- 15 Cont. Mendoza. Moving quickly he opens the satchel, pulls out a stop watch which he attaches to the metal wall by a magnet. 15
Starts the watch.
Next he clamps a straight angle metal plate to the wall of the van -- the plate itself has a small vise...
He takes out a huge key ring and begins fitting keys into the lock on Mendoza's door...
- 16 INT. PRISON VAN - FRONT SEAT 16
The two Guards driving through the streets of Dallas.
- 17 INT. REAR OF PRISON VAN 17
Doc finds one blank key that fits the aperture of the lock -- pulls it off the ring.
Fits it into the vise on the metal plate.
With a key file he begins working on the lock...
- 18 STOPWATCH 18
Sweep second hand turning --
- 19 DOC 19
Tries the key again...
Won't turn.
Looks at the key, checking the marks...
Back in the vise --
More filing...
- 20 EXT. CITY STREET - DALLAS - MORNING 20
As the van rolls by -- Rudy pulls out and begins to follow in a late model Chevy...
- 21 INT. VAN - DOC 21
Filing, checking the stop watch...
Tries the key again...
No luck.
Back to filing...
Tries again.
The cubicle door opens.
And...
Mendoza smiles.
- 22 EXT. CITY STREET - DALLAS - MORNING 22
As the prison van stops at a red light --
Rudy two cars behind.

Continued...

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6.

22 Cont. Doc and Mendoza come out of the van at speed. 22
Jump into Rudy's Chevy.
The light goes green -- the van pulls forward as Rudy --
Makes a screaming U-turn, blisters off in the opposite direction...

23 INT. CHEVY 23
Rudy smiles at Mendoza --

RUDY
How ya doing, buddy? Good to meet ya...

MENDOZA
Hey, no complaints. Good to see you guys, know
what I mean?

Rudy passes two cars -- makes a sharp turn.

RUDY
We're gonna get you on home tonight, partner.
Down there with all them señoritas, jumpin' beans
and chili peppers...Ain't no fuckin' around when
you do business with us. Right, Doc?

Doc nods wearily...

24 EXT. DRY LAKE - CHIHUAHUA, MEXICO - DUSK 24
A Jeep Cherokee parked in the middle of nowhere.
A Piper Cub lands in the background, kicking up dust as it taxis near...
Through the swirling dirt, Doc, Rudy and Mendoza jump out of the small
plane --

25 EXT. STREET - SAN MIGUEL DE LEON - CHIHUAHUA - NIGHT 25
A small town deep in the Sierra Madre.
Blinding rain.
A pair of headlights move through the torrent.

26 EXT. RIO ROSA - SAN MIGUEL DE LEON - CHIHUAHUA - NIGHT 26
The small honky-tonk sits right on the main drag.
Off to one side --
A few old cars, a faded orange pick-up and a beat-up V.W., a dark Cadillac
convertible with the top up, and a Mercedes limo with Arizona plates --
The dirt parking lot rapidly going to mud...
The Jeep Cherokee splashes up through the ruts.
Comes to a stop...
Headlights snap off.

27 INT. JEEP CHEROKEE - NIGHT 27
Rudy at the wheel.

Continued...

27 Cont. Doc in the passenger seat -- Mendoza in back.

27

RUDY

(to Doc)

The Mercedes limo belongs to Jack Beynon -- He and Aguirre are supposed to be partners. Aguirre runs everything down here in Mexico, Beynon works out of Tucson --

DOC

What kinda work?

RUDY

He's a politician. A fixer. Crooked as a dog's hind leg.

28

THEIR P.O.V. - THRU WINDSHIELD

28

A MAN with a woman under each arm, appears through the rain.
Drunken laughter.
He's big, shaggy...wearing a cowboy hat.
His arm's around the two buxom women -- he shoves them into the V.W. ahead of him...

29

INT. JEEP CHEROKEE - NIGHT

29

Doc pulls down a nickel-plated .45 clipped above the visor -- checks the action.

MENDOZA

What's the problem, man?

DOC

I don't like walking into something blind -- Tell me about Aguirre -- I want to hear it again.

MENDOZA

Don't get crazy on me -- I'm telling you my cousin is one connected guy -- Got more juice down here than the governor.

Doc turns to Mendoza.

DOC

What's so special about you that he's gonna pay us two hundred grand just to see you again?

MENDOZA

I'm family. He's my cousin, you know? Family is very important. He loves his family.

Doc gives him a look that would melt buildings.

Continued...

29 Cont.

MENDOZA

That's it, man. I swear. You're gonna get your money. He keeps his word. He don't fuck with nobody. Nobody fucks with him.

29

RUDY

Come on, Doc. We're just gettin' rained on out here.

A long moment.

DOC

Okay. Let's go.

Doc moves off through the downpour as Rudy and Mendoza get out on the driver's side.

30

INT. RIO ROSA - SAN MIGUEL DE LEON - NIGHT

30

Crowded with Latino women and men in the smokey atmosphere. Ranchero music by the band is so loud the patrons must shout to be noticed by the BARTENDER.
Thunder CRASHES, the LIGHTS FLICKER...

31

RUDY AND DOC

31

Water drips from Rudy's slicker and Stetson as they move through the crowd.
The patrons give way to the two scary looking gringos.
Now at the bar --

RUDY

I want Jim Deer.

BARTENDER

No entiendo. No hablo ingles.

DOC

Jim Deer. Aqui?

BARTENDER

Ya le dije, Senor, no hablo ingles..

Mendoza pushes close.

MENDOZA

Diga les. Estan agaradables...

BARTENDER

Mas alla.

Doc, Rudy and Mendoza start to move to the rear...

INT. RIO ROSA - REAR OF THE BAR - JIM DEER

At a table with three tough-looking Latino men.
JIM DEER has a hard-looking Girl on his lap.
He's a heavy-set Anglo...
Texas all the way.

JIM DEER

Hello, Rudy... You sure come to the right place to
get on in out of the rain. You're just the fellas we
want to see.

The girl slides off Jim's lap and moves away.

JIM DEER

You wanna introduce me to your partner?

RUDY

Doc McCoy. Jim Deer -- Jim's number one with
the head honcho --

Doc silently sizes him up, neither man offers a handshake --

JIM DEER

Pleased to meet you, pard. Luis -- always good to
see you Luis, you been behavin' yourself?

MENDOZA

Si, claro...

Jim Deer stands.

JIM DEER

Well, let's go back and see the man -- get you fellas
paid. Esteban's gonna be real happy to see you,
Luis...

INT. RIO ROSA HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jim Deer leads Doc, Rudy and Luis...

JIM DEER

Damn smooth piece of work. Your little job even
made the Dallas news. Saw it on the cable down
here...

He knocks on a doorway.
Enters...

INT. RIO ROSA - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Four men playing cards at a table - three Latinos and...
JACK BEYNON -- American; an imposing looking man; floridly handsome,
his black hair beginning to turn grey.
ESTEBAN AGUIRRE -- Mexican; a middle-aged man rather elegantly
dressed; grey hair and moustache, he has the look of a bandit.

Continued...

34 Cont. Aguirre folds his cards as they enter, rises.
Three bodyguards at the rear of the room also get to their feet --

34

JIM DEER

Esteban, this here's Rudy and his partner Doc --
they're deliverin' the goods.

AGUIRRE

Senores. This is my friend, Senor Jack Beynon.

BEYNON

I was just giving Esteban a poker lesson.

Mendoza enters.

AGUIRRE

Luis. Que tal?

MENDOZA

Perfectemente. Mas o menos. Es muy bueno ser a
casa.

AGUIRRE

Si. Claro.

35

Aguirre casts a quick glance at Beynon, who nods almost imperceptibly.
Aguirre suddenly takes out a cold blue .44 and blasts...

35

BOOM!

The slug hits Luis Mendoza point blank in the forehead --

Instantly Doc's .45 comes out, leveled at Aguirre -- who in response, levels
down at Doc.

The bodyguards all go for their guns --

A long frozen moment...

Then Aguirre lowers his pistol.

AGUIRRE

I have no argument with you. This is no concern
of yours.

Looks over at Mendoza's body. Hands his pistol to a bodyguard who walks
over to the corpse, places the gun in Mendoza's hand --

AGUIRRE

Suicide is a terrible thing, isn't it?

Doc hasn't lowered his gun.

DOC

You want to tell me what this is about?

AGUIRRE

I don't explain myself to criminals. Here is your
money.

He lifts a satchel.
Puts it on the table.

Continued...

35 Cont.

DOC

I still need to know what this is all about...

35

RUDY

Come on, Doc.

Doc won't be moved.

AGUIRRE

I liked Luis. He was a good man. A good family man. But his accounts were short by one hundred million pesos.

Rudy looks in the bag.

RUDY

This here is Mexican money...

AGUIRRE

This is Mexico.

RUDY

The deal was American dollars. Not pesos. Tell him, Jim.

JIM DEER

I think both of you oughtta just take your money and haul ass --

RUDY

Bullshit! We did a lot of fuckin' work, bustin' him out, hiring a dope dealer's airplane, rentin' a god damn car...

BEYNON

I'm just here as an adviser to my friend Esteban. But I would definitely advise you fellas to take off--

Long looks.

A lot of guns in the room --
Then Doc lowers his pistol.

DOC

Nice doin' business with you, Aguirre.

Rudy grabs the satchel and they move to the door.

36

EXT. DESERT - CHIHUAHUA - THE FOLLOWING DAY - DAWN

36

A huge sun ball rises over the desert.
Slowly goes from red to white...

37 EXT. DIRT ROAD - DESERT - CHIHUAHUA - DAY 37
Harsh, brutal, unforgiving country.
Rudy's Jeep Cherokee streaks past...

38 INT. JEEP CHEROKEE - DAY 38
Rudy and Doc.

RUDY
Look, Doc, it was my fuck-up. I'm gonna put it
right with this little laundry number.

DOC
How well you know these guys? They ever
swapped this many pesos?

RUDY
I did business with this Ramon once. His cousin
was a friend of mine. Anyway, he's just the contact
guy.

DOC
What about Bonney?

RUDY
T.C. -- folks say he can handle a big number. I did
a number with him last year -- but a lot less money
than this was on the table. It ain't easy to find a
laundry. But even shit rates are better than takin'
this taco money back home.

39 EXT. RAMON'S GAS & BEER - DESERT - DAY 39
The place is small and dirty...
The back is littered with old shacks, horse trailers, chicken coops.
Beat up old cars and rusty junk.
In front are a couple gas pumps, stacked tires and a lot of dust.
RAMON stands in the doorway.
T. C. BONNEY walks up to him.
A big ugly Anglo with a patch over one eye.
Big rodeo stetson.

T.C.
(to Ramon)
Now you just go on out there and talk to 'em.
Just like I told ya...

40 INT. / EXT. RUDY'S JEEP CHEROKEE - RAMON'S - DAY 40
Rudy pulls up to a stop in the dusty parking area...

RUDY
Ain't a lot to look at is she?

41 EXT. DESERT HILLSIDE - OVERLOOKING RAMON'S - DAY 41

A FEDERALE stares down at the arriving Jeep Cherokee through powerful field glasses. He puts down the binoculars and speaks into a walkie-talkie.

FEDERALE
This is Federale Campos, i.d. 3175, operation
Desert Lion. The suspects have arrived at the
stakeout position. Send in the cavalry. Repeat,
send in the cavalry. We have a go situation.

42 DOC AND RUDY'S POV - FRONT OF RAMON'S - DAY 42

Silent in the noonday sun.
Ramon approaches from the front of the building...

43 AT THE JEEP CHEROKEE - DAY 43

RAMON
What's doin', amigo? Que pasa?

RUDY
Cut the bullshit, Ramon. Get to business --

RAMON
There's a guy inside my place. I think maybe he
could be the one you need.

RUDY
Anglo or Mex?

RAMON
A big gringo. Been waitin' here all mornin'.
Drinkin' beer. Got a beard. One eye.

RUDY
That's T.C. alright...

RAMON
Says he wants to talk with you, man. But he says
just one at a time. Okay?

Doc and Rudy get out of the car.
Rudy with a pump shot-gun.
They stand looking at the station.

DOC
I'll just go in there and have a beer with him. You
stay out here by the Jeep.

Doc grabs the money satchel and moves off.
Walks along the side of building toward the back.
Rudy warily eyes the front of the place.

Continued...

43 Cont.

RUDY

Ramon, move over there where I can keep an eye on you.

43

RAMON

Si. No problema...

44

EXT. RAMON'S GAS AND BEER - SIDE

44

Doc gets halfway around the building when...
T.C. Bonney walks out the front door.
Looks at Doc.

T.C.

You the fellas lookin' to trade some money?

DOC

That's right. We got some Mexican money here for sale.

T.C.

How much?

DOC

You know how much. Three hundred million pesos. We're supposed to get a fifty percent knock down -- one hundred thousand American.

T.C.

You tellin' me the price, or you negotiatin'?

DOC

I thought you and Rudy had this all worked out.

T.C.

I ain't got shit worked out with Rudy. I'm here to listen to a proposition.

Doc turns back to Rudy -- thirty yards to the rear.

DOC

Rudy! Think we got a problem!

T.C.

You tell him to stay right on back there. I don't want you fellas crowdin' me none.

Rudy has started forward.

DOC

Stay on back!

RUDY

Thought we had a problem!

DOC

We're negotiatin'...

Continued...

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Rudy turns around, heads back.

From behind:

A MAN leans out a horse trailer, levels a shotgun at Doc's back.

RUDY

(turns, sees...)

Doc!

Doc drops the satchel as he spins around, pulls his .45 and BLASTS...Kills the shotgunner.

T.C. jumps back inside, pulling a pistol of his own.

Out of a side window an automatic rifle appears, SPRAYS at Doc --

Doc spins back and blows him away.

Doc's exposed, out in the open, but keeps firing, moving...

45

RUDY

45

Moving, firing at the station.

Trying to make it back to the Cherokee --

46

RAMON

46

Moving as well, pulls a pistol from the back of his trousers --

Fires into Rudy's back...

47

RUDY

47

staggering -- badly hit.

He whirls, pumps and FIRES twice.

Blasts Ramon back into the gas pumps --

48

EXT. DESERT HILLSIDE - DAY

48

The Federale Officer watching the fire-fight down below through his field glasses.

49

RUDY

49

Turns and BLASTS at the building --

Jumps into the Cherokee --

50

DOC

50

runs for cover behind an old wrecked Chevy...

Automatic weapons firing around him, kicking up dust.

T.C. is shooting from the doorway.

Doc FIRING at the building, goes empty with his .45...

He reaches inside his pocket and grabs more ammunition -- cartridge box -- he reloads...

Doc blasts off another round -- turns --

51

DOC'S P.O.V.

51

Rudy driving off in the Cherokee.

52

EXT. RAMON'S GAS AND BEER

52

Shotguns OPEN UP from two windows as T. C. Bonney steps back out into the open doorway.

T.C.

Hey fella, how you like the way we negotiate?

He cuts loose with an automatic weapon, RIDDLING the Chevy with a HAIL OF BULLETS.

T.C. yells out again.

T.C.

What do you say we take all your money! How's that for a final offer?

53

THE CHEVY

53

disintegrating, tires SHREDDING, glass SHATTERING, the car's chassis sagging down on its rim.

T.C.

I think I got the son of a bitch!

Doc pumps two slugs at T.C., each one tears up wood next to his head -- T.C. ducks back again...

54

EXT. RAMON'S GAS AND BEER

54

It is now deadly quiet. The sunlit silence broken only by a DRONING fly that circles Ramon's lifeless eyes --

Doc crunched down behind the Chevy...

Then...

An engine starts, and a moment later an old blue pick-up truck ROARS OUT from behind the building.

T.C. and one of his men are shooting at Doc from the bed of the truck.

Doc blasts, blasts, blasts again, goes empty...

T.C. leans down and grabs the abandoned satchel from the ground as the truck slams across the loose dirt --

55

DOC

55

finishes reloading.

Starts rapid fire --

But too late.

T.C.'s truck disappears down the desert road --

Doc walks to the road with a look in his eye that says it all.

After a moment...

Whup. Whup.

Continued...

- 55 Cont. Whup. Whup.
Doc's head snaps around.
He can see... 55
- 56 DOC'S P.O.V. - ON THE HORIZON LINE 56
Three big government choppers coming fast, flat out over the desert.
- 57 EXT. HILLSIDE - FEDERALE OFFICER 57
The choppers reflected on the glass of his binoculars --
- 58 THE FEDERALE HELICOPTERS - DESERT 58
As they land...
Uniformed Men pour out.
Level down with their automatic weapons.
- 59 DOC 59
standing in the middle of nowhere.
Empty gun.
No car. No money.
Four dead bodies.
Fucked.
- 60 EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY 60
Doc McCoy is being walked across the compound by a Uniformed
Guard carrying a riot gun.
- 61 CARD OVER: 61
PENETENCIERIA DEL ESTADO ZACATECAS
Other Prisoners around the yard turn and stare as the two men head
for the main building.
- 62 INT. PRISON HEARING ROOM - DAY 62
A long table has been set up at the head of the room. Several Prison
Officials and Parole Board Members are seated, facing the length of
the room.
Seated at one end of the table -- a nameplate in front of him reads:
ESTEBAN AGUIRRE.
Doc enters the room and seats himself near two other Prisoners, the
Guard stands back against the wall. Doc's eyes search the room -- find
Carol seated across the way --
Another table has been set up near the Prisoners for their Legal Counsels --
Several Lawyers examine papers before them, waiting for the hearing to
begin.

Continued...

62 Cont. THE CHAIRMAN at the center of the large table clears his throat, then begins to speak.

62

CHAIRMAN

I think we can begin...First parole request
Carter "Doc" McCoy... is legal counsel present?

A MAN rises from behind the lawyers' table.

LAWYER

Yes, sir. Raul Estuardo representing Mr.
McCoy.

DOC

watching...taking it all in.

CAROL

Nervous, she'd like a cigarette --

AT THE TABLE

The Chairman checks the papers before him.

CHAIRMAN

Carter McCoy, forty year sentence for murder,
first time offender in Mexico -- wanted in the
United States, State of Texas for armed
robbery...

A tall lanky AMERICAN LAWYER stands -- The Mexican lawyer translates as he speaks...

AMERICAN LAWYER

The State of Texas has waved jurisdiction. Mr. Chairman. They no longer seek Mr. McCoy in connection with that case due to a lack of evidence. Mr. McCoy has no outstanding warrants in the United States.

CHAIRMAN

(adjusting his papers)

Mr. McCoy has served three months of his
sentence. Prison record thus far satisfactory.
Has applied for a date when he will become
eligible for parole. His legal counsel made this
request on September 5th of this year...

The Chairman lowers the paper, looks across to the lawyer.

CHAIRMAN

Remarks?

Continued...

LAWYER

We would only again like to call the committee's attention to Mr. McCoy's satisfactory behavior as a prisoner.

CHAIRMAN

Notice is taken.

He looks down the table at the dark-suited men.

CHAIRMAN

The Board met in closed chambers last week...have you reached a decision regarding Mr. McCoy's request?

AT THE TABLE

A SECOND MAN looks across to the Chairman.
He is seated next to Aguirre.

SECOND MAN

Yes. After due consideration -- the prisoner may apply for parole in twenty calendar years.

DOC

Lowers his eyes, then looks up at his Lawyer. The Lawyer shakes his head, then avoids Doc's glance. He shuffles the papers in front of him, begins stuffing them into his briefcase.

AT THE TABLE

The Chairman flips his papers to a new page.

CHAIRMAN

The next request for parole is from Enrique Gonzalez. Is Legal Counsel present?

VOICE (O.S.)

Yes.

CHAIRMAN

Mr. Gonzalez is serving five to twelve years for embezzlement of corporate funds.

DOC

he again looks to the floor. Then at Aguirre -- their eyes lock.

64

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE PRISON HEARING ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

64

Carol sitting on a wooden bench, having a cigarette, somberly staring off into space --

A HAND touches her shoulder.

AGUIRRE

Mrs. McCoy... Perhaps, I could have a word with you...

65

INT. PRISON - VISITORS' BUNGALOW - DAY

65

The following day... Doc is seated... waiting...
Carol enters the darkened room and seats herself opposite Doc.
They are separated by a wide table and net of wire meshing.

CAROL

Hello, Doc. How's it going?

DOC

Not real great.

CAROL

Look, I know everything's worse for you in here, but there's something we gotta talk about --

Pause.

CAROL

It was one thing knowing you'd done prison time before we got together. It's another trying to stick it out down here alone. I just can't handle waitin' around. It's been three months now since you got locked up and it don't look like they're gonna let you out real soon... I don't know what to say, I feel guilty as hell but I figure maybe it's time I tried a different kind of life. Maybe go back to my family in Texas. Get a job again.

Carol looks glumly at him.

CAROL

The guy at the hearing, what's his name, Aguirre? He said to tell you that a guy named Jack Beynon might be able to help with an appeal. Who's he? Another high-priced lawyer?

DOC

This could be my ticket out of here. I'm gonna need your help --

Continued...

65 Cont. She stares blankly back at him.

65

DOC

Rudy told me about Beynon. He's a fixer. Aguirre runs all the rackets down here, but Beynon runs him. Forget Aguirre. Go to Tucson, look him up. Tell him I'm for sale. Any job he wants.

Pause.

DOC

I sure don't want to lose you.

66

INT. COURTHOUSE - TUCSON - DAY

66

Carol enters a legal office, wearing a soft, billowy dress.

She looks very good...

A middle-aged SECRETARY looks up at Carol.

Jim Deer works at a large desk across the room from the Secretary...He seems totally occupied with his bookwork.

THREE HIRED GUNS, are seated on a davenport; they are dressed casually; all three have a commonality: they are professionals. Bitter-enders.

SECRETARY

Yes?

CAROL

I'm Carol McCoy. I'm here to see Mr. Beynon. He's expecting me.

Jim Deer nods to the Secretary.

She points Carol towards a door leading to an inner office.

SECRETARY

Go right in, Mrs. McCoy.

67

INT. JACK BEYNON'S OFFICE

67

Beynon smiles as Carol enters. He rises from behind the desk, moves across the opulent office to greet her.

BEYNON

Mrs. McCoy. It's a pleasure. My friend Esteban Aguirre told me to expect your visit. But he didn't tell me how pretty you were --

Carol approaches Beynon's desk with a nervously determined stride.

CAROL

Mr. Beynon -- I'm here to talk about my husband --

Continued...

BEYNON
Of course. Please sit down..

67

Beynon looks at her, as she sits, lowers his eyes to her crossed legs...

BEYNON
Would you like a drink?

CAROL
Sure. I'd love one.

Beynon moves to a wet bar --

BEYNON
Good. And how is your husband?

CAROL
He could be a lot better -- He's real sick of your friend Aguirre's prison.

BEYNON
Jails in Mexico aren't very nice. Even harder for a gringo down there, isn't it? A shame for a fella with all his talent.

CAROL
You think maybe there's something you can do for him?

BEYNON
Maybe. All depends on the degree of cooperation.
(smile)
Just how cooperative are the McCoys willing to be?

Carol stares at Beynon --

BEYNON
Here's your drink, honey.

68

INT. PRISON BASEMENT - SEVERAL WEEKS LATER

68

Doc hands a folded stack of work clothes across a metal counter to a TRUSTEE.
The trustee pushes a button under the counter -- a wire mesh gate CLICKS open.

TRUSTEE
You can change in here.

69

INT. PENETENCIERIA DEL ESTADO ZACATECAS - OFFICE CORRIDOR - DAY

69

A Uniformed Guard leads Doc down the hallway; they turn a corner and go into a small private room.
Doc is now dressed in civilian clothes -- prison issue, dark suit, no hat...

70

INT. THE PURSER'S OFFICE

70

The Uniformed Guard leads Doc to a teller's window and hands the Purser's Assistant a typewritten form. The Attendant moves away, returning momentarily with a sealed envelope. Doc tears the package open and removes a billfold, wristwatch, wedding ring, and some loose change. The Attendant next hands Doc some forms to sign and a well-filled duffel bag. Doc opens the wallet -- no money, but an old Polaroid of Carol. As he stares at the photo...

71

EXT. TARMAC - TUCSON AIRPORT - DAY

71

A private jet touches down --

72

EXT. JET - SIDE DOOR

72

As it pops open --
Several Latino thugs step out, then a uniformed officer, then Doc.
He looks across the way...
Sees Carol standing near the terminal building -- station wagon parked behind her...
Doc looks at the Uniformed Mexican Officer -- he nods...
Doc crosses to Carol...

CAROL

Hello, Doc.

He takes her by the hand.

DOC

(big smile)
Come on, let's get out of here before someone changes his mind.

73

INT. STATION WAGON - DOWNTOWN TUCSON - DAY

73

Carol's driving, Doc's in the passenger seat.
There's tension between them.
Carol feels Doc watching her.

DOC

Want me to drive?

Carol smiles tightly, shakes her head.

CAROL

I'm all right. Just feelin' a little tense, I guess. I was almost late...I got my hair done; I wanted to look good -- It's a lot different not lookin' at each other through that wire net, isn't it? Light me a cigarette, will you?

He pushes in the dashboard lighter and takes a pack of from her purse.

Continued...

73 Cont.

73

DOC

You still smoke too much.

CAROL

It hasn't exactly been an easy time to quit --

The lighter pops out; he lights a cigarette and hands it to her.

CAROL

Hey...

(smile)
Quit looking at me.

DOC

Hell, no. I like lookin' at you. How you been?

CAROL

Fine...No, not fine, I told you, it was real lonely. How about you? How you doin'? I guess it's kinda weird gettin' out --

DOC

Seems a lot longer than three months doesn't it?

Carol nods.

CAROL

Hey, where do you want to go? Anyplace special?

DOC

Just whatever we're usin' for home, I guess. Get cleaned up. After that I'd be willing to pay about a hundred bucks for a good hamburger and a cold beer.

CAROL

We can go on over to the motel where I'm stayin' -- but it's not exactly what you'd call home.

74

INT. MOTEL - KITCHEN - NIGHT

74

Doc sits at the table; he has loosened his tie and removed the jacket. In front of him is a bottle of sour mash, shot glass, and a large kitchen glass of water...he pours a shooter.

Carol sits across from him.

Doc rips down the whisky, sips some of the water chaser...then refills the shot glass.

CAROL

I just met this guy Beynon a couple of times. He's a real smooth operator, likes to talk a lot -- You know he once ran for Congress?

DOC

What's he got set up?

Continued...

BEYNON

The Azteca was a bar in Cuilacan. Everyone went.
All the bandits. Tequila?

Doc nods. Aguirre pours him a glass.

AGUIRRE

(to Beynon)

It's too hot in Cuilacan this time of year. It was
always a hundred degrees in the Azteca on a
summer night...Just today I was thinking about the
time they shot Robles there. We had been drinking
all night...The federales shot him four times, shot
him out on the sidewalk. It was about four o'clock
in the morning...

BEYNON

He deserved it. And he was lucky. It saved him
from you.

AGUIRRE

We shouldn't talk about business on such a nice
afternoon...Look at that woman across the way.
She makes me wish I were ten years younger. Or
better, twenty years younger. Is it possible to fall
in love after you are thirty?

DOC

I didn't meet my wife until I was thirty.

Beynon knocks back his tequila.

AGUIRRE

Love makes men do very crazy things. I have not
been in love for many years. I consider myself
lucky. In my experience, marriage and love are
two very different things. You're a very lucky
man if you find them both with the same woman.

DOC

Yeah. I've always been a damn lucky guy.

AGUIRRE

Marriage is not very good with what I do for a
living --

DOC

What's that?

BEYNON

He makes a living the same way you do, McCoy.

Aguirre rises.

AGUIRRE

I don't wish to be rude but I'll leave you both for
lunch...One drink and I feel sleepy.

Continued...

74 Cont.

74

CAROL

He wouldn't talk to me about it.

DOC

If he got me out of jail to do it -- it's gotta be big...

She takes a deep drag and crushes out her cigarette.

CAROL

All I know is that the job is up in Phoenix -- which suits me fine. I want to get out of this dump as soon as we can.

He holds up a fork...touches it.

DOC

Prison down there, all the silverware's made out of plastic. Same back here in the states. Maybe it's the same in prisons all over the world.

Doc reaches across the table, takes Carol's hand.

DOC

What did you do with yourself?

CAROL

What do you mean?

DOC

The last three months.

CAROL

You mean guys?

DOC

Yeah.

CAROL

Hey, it was only three months. Not three years. Lighten up. We should be celebrating.

She takes his hand and kisses it.

A long pause...

CAROL

I've missed you, Doc. Want me to show you how much?

Doc begins to unbutton her blouse; Carol pulls her shoulders back, helping her drop the garment down to her waist....

Doc hesitates, then carefully touches her shoulder...her hair...he kisses her...

She stands, steps out of her skirt and panties.

She takes his hand and puts it against her breasts.

Lowers his head deep into her cleavage, pulls her back onto his lap --

CAROL

Wait a minute, Doc. I need to get my diaphragm.

Continued...

74 Cont.

DOC
Not now, baby...

74

He bites her shoulder --

CAROL
No, no...it's a bad time. We've got to use something.

DOC
We're married. What's the worst that could happen?

She pushes against him forcefully.

CAROL
I'd get knocked up, that's what.

Carol moves into the bathroom.
Half-closes the door.

CAROL (V.O.)
I didn't marry a lawyer or a banker. I knew what I was gettin' into. It's just that -- maybe some people shouldn't have kids. At least not now. Not when we're in the middle of something like this. If you got killed, I don't know what I'd do. And if I was gonna have a baby, it'd be worse --

Doc hesitates, then moves to the bathroom door, opens it.

DOC
Don't worry. Nothing's gonna happen to me. I promise.

They embrace tightly, as he begins to slowly, methodically, caress her. She moans softly, pulling him to her.

75

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - TUCSON - DAY

75

Overhead fans. A few patrons at the long bar.
At a table on the veranda overlooking the town, Doc can see Beynon seated with Aguirre --

AGUIRRE
Senor McCoy, you remember my friend Jack Beynon.

DOC
I remember. It was a rainy night.

AGUIRRE
I was just telling my friend Jack that I like it much better on my side of the border. It's too quiet here for my taste.

(to Beynon)
Remember the Azteca? I'll never forget the first time I took you there. That's the real Mexico.

Continued...

75 Cont. He shakes hands with Beynon, then with Doc.

75

AGUIRRE

Senor McCoy, a pleasure. I'm not always fond of Americans. Adios.

Aguirre turns and goes.

76 EXT. CITY STREET - TUCSON - DAY

76

Beynon's Mercedes limo rolls along with the traffic --

BEYNON (V.O.)

My amigo Aguirre don't like Americans because they put him in jail once. We done real well together on both sides of the border...Mexico's a real fascinatin' country, don't you think?

77 INT. MERCEDES LIMO - TUCSON - DAY

77

Doc and Beynon in the back seat.

DOC

Let's cut the shit. What do you need me for that you can't do yourself?

BEYNON

It's your specialty, Doc -- armed robbery. A dog track up near Phoenix. A very well-built safe. Big vault room just like a bank.

DOC

I thought you were a smart guy -- There's no real money at the dog races. The handle's fifty, hundred thousand, tops. Even on a payroll day it's strictly small time.

BEYNON

I am a smart guy -- This dog track's different. It's a dropping off point for a lot of dirty money. A nice safe place to keep it, launder it, make pay-offs --

DOC

How much?

BEYNON

Two, three million. Maybe more. And, of course, they can't report the real amount. I need someone from outside my own organization. I know the people running the operation. In fact, I used to get a cut of the action, until they decided they didn't need protection. I figure this might teach 'em a lesson.

DOC

What's the split?

Continued...

77 Cont.

BEYNON

You get right to the point. I like that in a man. I keep two million. You keep one. You share with your boys out of your million.

77

DOC

And I do all the work.

BEYNON

Ain't real fair, I admit it, but beats hell out of doing an forty year stretch in a Mex prison don't it?

78

EXT. OPEN DESERT - ARIZONA - DAY

78

A white limo is parked in the middle of nowhere.
Jim Deer and Beynon's thugs stand nearby...
The Mercedes limo pulls up --
Doc and Beynon get out...

BEYNON

This is the last time you and I meet in public.
Any business with me, you handle it with my associate.

Beynon gestures toward Jim Deer.

BEYNON

You're back with your own people now. I got you some professionals --

DOC

I get my own help.

BEYNON

Don't much matter what you like, Doc.

Two men get out of the white limo --

RUDY TRAVIS -- back from the dead...

FRANK HANSEN -- young, mid-twenties, ruddy face and long blond hair; small but intense, with a punk, Billy the Kid look.

RUDY

Good to see you. I thought you were dead, Doc.

DOC

Next time you oughta hang around and make sure.

RUDY

I was shot -- bad -- you gonna hold it against me?

DOC

I'm just here to do a job.

Continued...

DOC
(nods at thugs)
What about them?

BEYNON
They're mine. They stay out of it.

HANSEN
. I'm Frank Hansen...Pleased to meet ya.

Doc just looks at him.

BEYNON
You guys just do your job.
(big smile)
I stay clean. You stay clean. Real simple.
Right?

He and his torpedoes head for the Mercedes limo --

DOC
(to Hansen)
I know about you. Galveston. You work with
Jack Easler.

HANSEN
Cops blew Jack up. Couple of months ago.

DOC
Where?

HANSEN
Payroll job. Baton Rouge.

DOC
You were with him?

HANSEN
Yeah. I got out.

DOC
What else have you worked?

HANSEN
I hit some liquor stores...I drive real good. And
I shoot. I shoot nice.

DOC
Where'd you learn?

HANSEN
Army.

DOC
I shoot, too. Real good.

Continued...

HANSEN

Where'd you learn?

DOC

Marines.

HANSEN

Maybe we should go out on the desert and have a contest.

Even though said with a smile, it's a challenge.

DOC

Don't try to take me on, Frank. Don't even think about it.

HANSEN

Gotcha. I'm a team player.

Doc turns to Rudy.

DOC

I think maybe me and you better go somewhere quiet and have a beer. Talk things over.

INT. BAR - TUCSON - DAY

Doc seated across from Rudy.
Each has a bottle of beer --

RUDY

Hell, there ain't much to say. I thought you were dead. I was shot. I took off. There wasn't much else I could do.

Shrugs.

RUDY

You woulda done the same.

DOC

Maybe.

RUDY

I made it back to the border -- got a doctor in Juarez to fix me up. Saw you on TV when they brought you in -- figure them federales cut the money up with old T.C. Guess I let ya down. But I ain't the kinda fella that says he's sorry.

DOC

Yeah.

RUDY

About a week ago Jim Deer gives me a call. Said old Beynon wanted me to do another little job for him. I was broke, thought what the hell...Didn't

Continued...

RUDY (CONT'D)

figure you'd be my partner again. What do you say, Doc? Bygones is bygones. Me and you workin' together. Just like the old days.

DOC

Sure.

RUDY

Shake, partner.

Extends his hand.

Doc takes it, then PUNCHES him twice in the gut.

SLAMS him back against the wall.

Then slams him twice in the face.

Grabs Rudy and pulls him close --

DOC

Don't ever fuck me over again --

HITS him again --

DOC

You got it?

HITS him one more time --

DOC

Now you want to shake hands?

Rudy slides to the floor.

DOC

Or you want a bus ticket home?

After a long moment --

Rudy extends his hand.

Doc takes it --

DOC

Good. Now we understand each other.

He helps Rudy back up on his feet, smiles, then hands him a beer --

DOC

No hard feelings.

80

EXT./INT. GREYHOUND PARK - PHOENIX - DAY

80

The toteboard lights change as the odds shift --

81

CLOSE ON SEVERAL GREYHOUNDS

81

taut chiselled forms alert as the ALARM SOUNDS signaling the race...
THE DOGS LEAP FROM THE STARTING LINE as the MECHANICAL
RABBIT begins its journey.

82

CAROL

82

watching the race with the BLUE COLLAR CROWD cheering along the fence --

As the winner crosses the finish line, Carol tears up her losing ticket along with most of the crowd.

As she heads back into the clubhouse -- PAN DOWN TO:

83

CAROL'S PURSE

83

clutched tightly to her side --
there is a small hole in the front...
Revealing a tiny camera lens.

84

PURSE CAMERA - P.O.V. - CLUBHOUSE

84

black-and-white videotape of its layout, entrances, exits, etc. as Carol walks around on her surveillance tour --

85

INT. CORRIDOR - RACETRACK - DAY

85

Carol is waiting by a water fountain near a door marked:

ABSOLUTELY NO ADMITTANCE
Authorized Personnel Only

As a WOMAN CASHIER walks out, Carol quickly moves forward to catch the door knob just before the automatic lock clicks shut.

86

INT. COUNTING ROOM - DAY

86

A large room -- fluorescent lights, no windows -- dominated by a huge bank-type VAULT behind a wire-grate cage. SEVERAL ARMED GUARDS and BOOKKEEPER/TELLER TYPES are at various tables and desks.

She makes it only a few steps into the room before A LARGE GUARD rushes over --

CAROL

Excuse me, I thought this was the way to the ladies room.

GUARD

It's not. I'm sorry -- You're gonna have to leave.

As he moves to escort her out, Carol deftly swings her purse around, the video camera inside panning the room --

87

INT. HIGH-WINDOWED ROOM - PHOENIX - DAY

87

Near the center sits a big table piled with equipment; watch caps, a huge pair

Continued...

87 Cont. of WIRE-CUTTERS, road maps, chemical containers and four STICKS OF DYNAMITE and several padded Kevlar BULLETPROOF VESTS.

87

Rudy and Hansen stand near the table.

Carol is seated; she nervously runs her hand along the edge of one of the road maps. Doc is holding one of the vests.

The wall behind the table is dominated by huge hard-board PHOTOGRAPHS which show the interior of the race track, parking lot, the guards, the bank vault, several shots of the main thoroughfares of Phoenix, an Arizona state police car, a detailed reproduction of the kennel area including electrical wiring, a detailed road map of the city and various photos of a ranch house and barn.

Jim Deer sits near the door watching the proceedings.

DOC

-- three guards, two accountants...One guard with a .38 is usually on the right side as you enter. Nail him first, be careful he doesn't panic and want to shoot somebody.

He throws the vest on the table.

DOC

Just in case someone gets a shot off -- these might come in handy.

RUDY

I been workin' for years without one of those. I don't need one now. Might change my luck.

DOC

Suit yourself.

RUDY

How many exits?

DOC

Six.

RUDY

What about the safe?

DOC

Chambers-Reilly. No time-lock.

RUDY

Wire pull over?

DOC

One-inch stuff on a three-number combination. But you can be sure no one there is gonna know it.

Continued...

87 Cont.

87

RUDY

I'm real good with locks, safes, you name it --

DOC

The fine stuff is my department. You provide the back-up. Right?

RUDY

Okay -- Whatever you need.

DOC

(points to the map and ranch house picture)

Keep going over these. I don't want anybody getting lost. After I pay Beynon, we head to El Paso, take different highways. I know a guy there, Gollie. He runs the Fremont Hotel. It's an old beat up place. Gollie's gonna launder the money. We split the take, you cross the border on your own. Adios and goodbye.

HANSEN

Aren't we going a little hard? You don't have to be Dillinger for this one.

DOC

Dillinger got killed.

HANSEN

Yeah. But not at a dog track.

Doc gives him a look --

HANSEN

No problem. I'm just here to take orders.

Doc flicks his glance to Jim Deer...

DOC

Beynon has to be alone at the drop -- one car at his house and that's it. No delivery until I'm sure it's clear.

JIM DEER

No problem, pard. We're all friends here -- Mr. Beynon's real concerned that no one gets killed on this job. Doesn't want to attract too much attention.

DOC

Tell Mr. Beynon he's the boss --
(looks at Hansen)
I'm just here to take orders.

JIM DEER

Then everything sounds just fine.

Doc starts packing away his gear.

Continued...

RUDY

What are you gonna do when you get across the border, Doc?

DOC

Depends how hot we are. But I figure a stay in El Rey might be a good idea.

RUDY

El Rey's gotta be a mighty expensive place to hide out. From what I hear, the King doesn't put out anything without cash on the line and plenty of it.

DOC

I figure we'll be able to afford it. Anyway, it shouldn't be more than two, three months top.

RUDY

Kinda hard to believe it really exists. A town that loves crooks.

DOC

Just successful ones. It's not on the map, but you can take my word for it, El Rey's for real. Gollie has gotten plenty of guys down there. It's just that most of them can't ever come back --

RUDY

If you don't mind the company...maybe I'll head on down with you. Check it out.

Doc answers with a shrug --

Hansen and Rudy watch as Doc and Carol start to leave. Jim Deer smiles at Carol passing by.

JIM DEER

And how's the pretty lady gettin' along?

CAROL

Just fine.

JIM DEER

Glad to hear it.

She and Doc move out the door.

INT. HOTEL APARTMENT - BATHROOM - PHOENIX - NIGHT

Doc is shaving while Carol takes a shower. It is the night before the robbery. As she shuts off the tepid water and steps out of the stall, he tosses her a towel. On her look...

DOC

You okay?

Continued...

CAROL

I just hate the waiting around. I want to get tomorrow over with.

He goes back to shaving.

DOC

It'll be all right.

CAROL

Sure. Except that's what you said before.

DOC

We're just gonna get the money and go all the way.

(pause)

Maybe you're not the only one ready to back off on this kinda livin'...

CAROL

You really mean it?

DOC

One thing about jail, they give you a lot of time to think.

She slips her arm around him.

Looks intently into his eyes for a moment.

CAROL

Maybe you do mean it...

DOC

Just promise you'll let me go out for poker and beer once a week.

She towels off her hair --

CAROL

Back in Dallas, the first time I met you, I knew we'd end up together...

Tosses the towel away, pulls on a robe --

CAROL

But you can't get locked up again, Doc. It's gotta work this time.

DOC

It's an easy score. This time's a winner, we go all the way. Two, three days tops -- we'll be down in El Rey with a half million bucks. Then we can figure out where we wanna live after it all cools down. One big score and we back off...maybe for good.

8/1/91

38.

89

INT. VAN - A WATCH-FACE - DAY

89

90

SWEEP-SECOND HAND TURNING: 12:35

90

DOC'S HANDS

Setting a bomb-timing mechanism attached to two sticks of dynamite, two tubes of Naptha, a lot of primer cord and one small percussion cap.

CAROL

sits behind the wheel of the grey panel truck as it prowls smoothly down a brush-lined road.

DOC - BACK OF THE VAN

He wears a jacket and watch cap, squatted down he quickly activates another timing mechanism, checking the clock-face on the bomb against his wrist-watch...he places a bomb into each of the two large grocery bags at his feet, then covers the bombs with crumpled wastepaper.

91

INT. FORD - RUDY

91

Parked along a secluded pathway, facing the highway which lies a quarter of a mile away.

He wears a sportcoat with a cotton turtle-neck shirt underneath...

Rudy stares at the highway as the van drives by...

92

EXT. HIGHWAY - NEAR PHOENIX - DAY

92

A HUGE GAS TANKER truck RUMBLES down the road.

93

INT. CAB - TANKER TRUCK

93

Hansen driving --

94

INT. FORD

94

Rudy CHECKS HIS PISTOL. Shoves it into the side pocket of his coat. Starts the engine -- slides the car into gear...

95

EXT./INT. GREYHOUND TRACK - PHOENIX - DAY

95

Opening activity; groundskeepers watering down the track -- Vendors...

Trainers in the kennels with their dogs --

96

INT. VAN

96

Doc shifts his position slightly, then pulls his .45 out from beneath his jacket.

Continued...

96 Cont. Doc breaks out the clip, examines it, snaps it back to position, replaces the gun under his jacket -- 96
A huge pair of tongs and the massive wire cutters rest on the floor of the van near Doc, along with a black leather suitcase.

CAROL

in the driver's seat, Phoenix appears on the horizon through the windshield...

97 INT. VAULT ROOM/RACETRACK 97

A well-dressed ACCOUNTANT begins turning the combination on the massive door as the vault begins to open...

He quickly starts counting out packets of money for the track cashiers.

98 INT. RUDY'S FORD - DAY 98

Driving down the roadway near the outskirts of town. A police car passes, moving in the opposite direction ..

99 INT. GAS TANKER TRUCK - DAY 99

HANSEN pulls on a pair of black gloves, then checks his watch.

100 INT. VAN - DAY 100

WATCH FACE SHOWS THE TIME AT 12:56

THE WATCH BELONGS TO DOC. He looks expectantly towards Carol -- who is now in the parking lot at the Greyhound Track near a side service-only entrance door.

101 EXT. RACETRACK - DAY 101

Hansen drives the gas tanker truck into an open area near the kennels. Hansen jumps down out of the cab of the truck and crosses to the main entrance gate road.

Rudy's Ford pulls over and Hansen gets into the passenger seat. The Ford then cruises into the main parking lot area.

102 INT. RACETRACK/VAULT ROOM 102

A lattice-work barrier made of wrought iron is pulled across the vault door. The Accountant snaps the latch-lock closed.

103 INT. VAN - DAY 103

Carol turns her eyes back to Doc...

Doc catches her look, then instantly springs into action. He reaches down, pulls a hatch-like cover up from the floor of the truck, revealing the pavement below...a portion of a manhole cover is visible.

Continued...

DOC
A couple feet forward...

CAROL - ROLLS THE TRUCK SLIGHTLY FORWARD
DOC - GRABS THE TONGS, inserts the ends into the manhole cover notches. He lifts the tongs and slides the manhole cover forward. Doc drops down through the truck hatchway and into the open manhole, carrying the huge cutters with him. As he disappears from sight...

104 INT. GREYHOUND TRACK CLUBHOUSE - DAY

It's close to post-time.

RUDY AND HANSEN

in the racetrack clubhouse --
Hansen stares at his watch.
The clock reads 1:12

Rudy, black briefcase in hand, heads towards an open storage area away from the activity of handicappers and spectators.
He sets the briefcase down behind a trash container --

105 INT. SEWER PIPE - DAY

Doc turns on a flashlight, moves ahead. His feet slosh through the six-inch-high murky water. He shines the light on several ankle-thick conduit lines that run along the sewer wall...He moves down the dark oval corridor.

106 EXT. GREYHOUND RACETRACK - DAY

Over the track LOUDSPEAKER, the announcer begins the call for the first race.

At the starting gate, a dozen greyhounds eye the mechanical rabbit about to begin its descent.

The ALARM SOUNDS and the dogs take off down the front stretch.

107 INT. SEWER PIPE - DAY

DOC'S WATCH - SHOWING 1:16

DOC - stands at a massive connecting box where four strands of the conduit intersect. He puts the wire cutters to the first conduit, grasps the insulated handles and with a crunching POP, cuts through the conduit with one bite. Doc immediately starts on the next strand.

108 EXT. GREYHOUND TRACK

The totalizer board showing exactly 1:16 BLINKS OFF.
The public address system goes DEAD in the middle of the announcer's call.
The mechanical rabbit has STOPPED dead.

Continued...

108 Cont. Some of the greyhounds are still running, others have descended in a pack on the mechanical rabbit... 108
The track crowd has no idea what's going on --

109 INT. VAULT ROOM 109

All the fluorescent lights go OUT --
The guards get up from their chairs, guns in hand...

110 EXT./INT. VAN - DAY 110

Doc - Pulling himself back up into the van, he quickly slides the manhole cover back into place.

Doc - Drops the hatch door back down into place on the floor of the truck...

Doc - Picks up the large black suitcase from the floor of the panel truck, then begins to move toward the cab.

Doc - Now in the front seat beside Carol. He pulls the truck door open, then quietly exits --

111 EXT. DOG TRACK - DAY 111

Doc pulls up the alley -- Pulls on a pair of black gloves. He removes his pistol from his coat pocket, then approaches the doorway of the racetrack service entrance.

112 EXT. DOGTRACK - CORRIDOR 112

Rudy disengages the latch on the side door.
Doc kicks the door open...

113 INT. CORRIDOR/DOGTRACK 113

Doc, Rudy and Hansen stand near the door to the vault room as an
EXPLOSION!
hits the storage area --
igniting the trash into flames.

DOC - RUDY - HANSEN

From their pockets, they remove plastic masks, pull them over their faces --

114 INT. VAULT ROOM/DOGTRACK 114

One of the BOOKKEEPERS signals over to an armed guard.

BOOKKEEPER
Better take a look and see what's going on.

As the Guard begins to open the door...

Continued...

114 Cont. RUDY AND HANSEN - BURST THROUGH
Knock the Guard backwards --

114

RUDY GRABS THE GUARD
smashing his pistol against the side of the man's head --

RUDY AND HANSEN
stand shoulder to shoulder, guns extended the full length of their arms.
Beneath the mask, Rudy's smile is visible...

THE GUARD - LOOKS UP FROM THE FLOOR.
His eyes widen...both guns are leveled directly at him...

THE BOOKKEEPER - DESPERATELY PUSHES THE ALARM BUTTON
near his desk.
Nothing happens.

RUDY'S GUN - TRAINED FROM THE BACK OF THE ROOM
over the tellers and bookkeepers spread-eagled across the floor.
Their heads are down; several of them are trembling --

DOC - ENTERS FROM THE CORRIDOR HOLDING THE .45 IN ONE
HAND, suitcase in the other, shutting the door behind him --

RUDY - NOW STATIONED NEAR THE FRONT DOOR, ready to
intercept any incoming personnel -- he covers the room from the end
opposite Hansen. Rudy stands near the injured Guard's outstretched right
hand -- the Guard's head is bloodied from Rudy's pistol whipping. His gun
has been kicked against the wall.

THE ACCOUNTANT - face down on the floor, directly under the arc of
Hansen's gun...he continually turns to watch the Guard.

DOC - CROSSES THE DISTANCE between the side door and the vault.

He slips the .45 into his jacket side pocket, sets down the suitcase, cuts the
lock with the big wire cutters --

115 INT. VAN - DAY

115

Carol pulls up in the van near the deserted lot where the gas tanker truck is
parked.

She drops a bomb-laden briefcase inside the truck cab --

116 INT. VAULT ROOM/DOGTRACK

116

DOC - FINISHES WITH THE WIRE-CUTTERS, RIPS THE DOOR OPEN,
lifts the suitcase and moves over to the vault where he begins to drill small
holes near the combination wheel --

RUDY - LOOKS AT THE BLOODIED GUARD, notes the distance
separating the man from his gun. Though unconscious, the Guard's head
begins to move.

HANSEN - HOLDS HIS GUN HAND FULLY EXTENDED...Again he takes
a brief moment to glance nervously over to the open vault and the Guard.

Continued...

- 116 Cont. DOC QUICKLY PLANTS A SERIES OF PLASTIC CHARGES in the holes and attaches small wires to a detonator. 116
- 117 Stepping back, he BLOWS THE SAFE with delicate precision -- 117
- 118 ANGLES - INSERTS - THE VAULT is lined with safe deposit boxes and large cabinet drawers. 118
- A metal table stands off-center, the black suitcase resting on its surface. Doc opens the satchel. He then pulls open one of the cabinet drawers nearby and begins tossing banded money pads into the open suitcase.
- 119 THE ACCOUNTANT LIES NEAR THE OPEN VAULT. He listens to the SOUNDS of Doc at work. He slightly cranes his neck, trying to get a look at the robber inside the vault. 119
- RUDY - WATCHING THE FRONT DOOR. A DOGTRACK CASHIER enters; Rudy gestures with the gun...she hits the deck.
- HANSEN - GETTING MORE NERVOUS by the minute...
- DOC - continues working within the vault --
- THE WOMAN - still on the floor, quietly crying.
- HANSEN - watching the Guard.
- RUDY - watching Hansen.
- THE GUARD - glassy-eyed but conscious; he has the look of a prizefighter who has just suffered a knock-out --
- THE ACCOUNTANT - in his prone position. He looks at Hansen, then back to the vault.
- 120 EXT. VAN - DAY 120
- Carol now pulling back over to the service entrance.
- 121 INT. VAULT ROOM/DOGTRACK 121
- DOC - The suitcase filled, he snaps the fasteners shut.
- DOC - EXITS THE VAULT after withdrawing his .45 from his coat pocket.
- 122 HANSEN - SEES DOC LEAVE THE VAULT. He edges around the side of the bookkeepers' desks toward the front of the room. 122
- RUDY - now watches Doc.
- DOC - CARRIES THE HEAVY SUITCASE in his left hand. He gestures to Rudy and Hansen with his pistol while moving towards the door.
- RUDY STARTS TO MOVE to the front entrance.
- HANSEN - HALF TURNS. still watching the Guard.

Continued...

122 Cont. THE GUARD - still punch-drunk, pulls himself up to his hands and knees...The Guard looks at his pistol.

122

DOC - stops at the kicked-in side door. He covers the entire room with his gun. He gestures to Rudy and Hansen to get moving.

RUDY -- eyes still on Doc.

HANSEN - now at the door, watching the Guard...

THE GUARD - makes a sudden rolling lunge toward his .38 on the floor. Just as he reaches it...

HANSEN - levels his .44.

DOC

No!!

HANSEN PULLS THE TRIGGER THREE TIMES.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

HE GUARD'S BODY turns end-over-end from Hansen's bullets.

THE WOMAN CASHIER SCREAMS --

DOC - His eyes are furious...

RUDY AND HANSEN - Rudy shoves Hansen out the front door --

DOC - COVERS THEIR EXIT, then slips out the side door and into the parking lot --

EXT. PARKING LOT - DOC

123

He gets into the panel truck beside Carol --

RUDY AND HANSEN
race over to their Ford.

RUDY - GUNS THE FORD FORWARD, the wheels tearing at the asphalt --
Hansen's shoulders rock back as the big car accelerates.

CAROL PULLS THE PANEL TRUCK OVER
beside a TOYOTA parked at the far end of the track lot.

DOC - TOSSES THE SUITCASE into the back of the Toyota... then slides the pistol under his jacket and slips behind the wheel as Carol slides over to the passenger seat.

124

INT. THE TOYOTA

124

Doc pulls off the watch cap mask --
The Toyota smokes off as Doc kicks it into gear.

- 125 EXT. DOGTRACK ROADWAY - SERIES OF ANGLES 125
The Ford streaks down the center of the roadway...The bomb DETONATES the GAS TANK TRUCK into a fireball...
- 126 RUDY - ZIG ZAGS THE FORD ALONG, maneuvering through the stopped traffic stopped to gawk. 126
- 127 DOC - SLIDES THE TOYOTA through a right and left turn, emerging onto the smoke-covered main thoroughfare -- 127
- 128 POLICE CARS ROAR BY THEM -- 128
- 129 RUDY - DRIVING THROUGH THE BEDLAM. Suddenly a gun appears in his right hand, aimed at Hansen. 129
The pistol ROARS, bucks, ROARS, bucks again --
- 130 THE TOYOTA - ABOUT A HUNDRED YARDS BEHIND RUDY. Doc downshifts, avoiding stalled cars. Carol grasps at both the seat and the dashboard handholds to maintain her balance. 130
- 131 THE FORD - EMERGES THROUGH DENSE PLUMES OF SMOKE. Fire licks along one edge of the roadway. 131
ON THE CURVE -- HANSEN'S body is kicked out of the automobile and bounces across the pavement --
- 132 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY 132
Rudy in the Ford -- Now in the clear.
He tears along the highway...sweating a little but cool. He removes his mask and smiles --
- 133 RUDY'S POV: Through the Ford's rear window, BLACK SMOKE is visible billowing skyward. 133
- 134 DOC AND CAROL - IN THE TOYOTA - now driving through the countryside. 134
- 135 A POLICE CAR, red light turning and siren WAILING, passes them heading for the conflagration at the racetrack -- 135
- 136 EXT./INT. FORD - RUDY 136
It pulls off the highway and bumps down a dirt road.
Rudy strains to hold the big car on the rutted pathway.
A ranch house and barn appear at a clearing. Rudy powers the car up a hill, the crest of which is occupied by a seemingly abandoned and dilapidated horse barn --
- 137 RUDY - JUMPS OUT OF THE FORD, trots to the front of the barn and pulls the double-doors open. A STATION WAGON can be seen inside... 137
- 137 EXT. HIGHWAY - THE TOYOTA 137
Moves onto the dirt road. Carol is now driving, but Doc holds the wheel

Continued...

137 Cont. as she peels off her sweater...
She pulls a ribbon; her hair falls. changing her appearance...

137

138 INT. BARN - RUDY

138

The Ford is now parked near the station wagon. Standing in the shadows, he intently reloads his gun, then moves towards the large doors of the barn --

139 DOC - PASSENGER SEAT OF THE TOYOTA

139

as Carol drives up the lane...

Rudy stands outside the barn.

Doc studies Rudy through the windshield, watching him wipe his face with a soiled rag as the car pulls closer...

140 INT. BARN

140

Carol pulls the Toyota to a stop just within the double doors.

She passes Rudy, leaving a clear exit pathway for the getaway station wagon.

Doc jumps out of the Toyota as soon as the ignition switch is cut --

Carol a beat behind him on the opposite side.

Rudy moves into the archway created by the barn's open doors.

He stands almost in silhouette as the bright sunlight breaks around him.

Doc, his back turned to Rudy, reaches into the back seat and grasps the black suitcase, not by the handle in the middle, but by each end, as if it contained a great weight.

DOC

(over his shoulder, not looking at Rudy)

Where's Hansen?

Rudy withdraws the pistol from under his raincoat.

Levels down at Doc...He gestures for Carol to move closer.

RUDY

He didn't make it...neither did you. Neither did she. This way I keep all the money. Fuck Beynon, fuck you. I figure you were planning exactly the same for me. It takes a lot of dough to live in El Rey.

Doc turns, still holding the suitcase --

DOC

You're wrong. I figure we need each other now. Hansen messed things up. Every cop in the state's going to be out on this one. You're real good at the rough stuff, but sometimes it takes finesse. Cutting Beynon out is a real bad idea. Think about it, you really want him helping the law catch up with us? And how are you gonna make it down to El Rey without my pal Gollie? Or were you planning to work on your tan in Phoenix until they put you in the gas chamber?

Continued...

140 Cont. A moment of silence, as Rudy thinks it over.

140

RUDY

You always could talk your way out of things.

He lowers his weapon slightly.

RUDY

But I'm gonna hang onto your gun. Hers too.
Either one of you tries anything, that'll be it --

DOC

You'll feel better after you take a look at the
money. I figure there's at least two million here.

Doc begins to open the satchel.

RUDY

Look, it was nothing personal, Doc. I just thought

--

Doc swings the suitcase around slowly, seemingly ready to hand it to Rudy.
Then he suddenly SHOOTs Rudy in the middle of the chest, Doc's .45 slug
driving him backward --
Doc has concealed the pistol in his hand with the satchel. He drops the
suitcase with his first shot, FIRES again, blasting Rudy in the middle.
Two large holes now show in Rudy's jacket.

DOC

For once you thought right, Rudy.

141

EXT. BARN

141

Rudy is knocked back over the hillock, tumbling down the precipice and into
a mud puddle below. Doc stands at the crest of the hill, FIRES two more
shots after taking a military stance.
Rudy's body jumps twice.
Doc turns away from the hilltop --

CAROL

How did you know?

DOC

That's what I always liked about Rudy.
Predictable.

Starts to reload --

142

INT. STATION WAGON - ARIZONA - DAY

142

Doc is driving, tooling comfortably down a four-lane highway, as he cracks
open the wind-wing --
Carol's eyes suddenly narrow...

ON THE ROAD AHEAD

STATE PATROLMEN have formed a traffic barricade. Several cars and trucks are being waved through the check-point. The Uniformed Officers make a cursory glance into each passing vehicle.

DOC

slips the station wagon up behind a pickup truck in the line of slowly-passing vehicles.

DOC

This should be okay -- They're looking for three men...

A YOUNG OFFICER

looks into the cab of the pickup, then glances at the empty flatbed. Another Patrolman flanks the other side of the truck, repeating the procedure. Several Patrol Cars, fully loaded with additional Officers, are parked nearby. The pickup truck is waved through. The station wagon glides up to the check-point.

DOC

rolls down his window. He smiles and nods to the Young Patrolman.

DOC

What's the problem?

CAROL

studies the Police Officer on her side of the car through the closed window...the Police Officer peers back at her, then into the rear seat.

THE STATION WAGON

is waved ahead without a second glance by the Patrolman. Doc accelerates away from the roadblock...After a moment, Doc leans forward, SNAPPING ON the radio.

DOC

You okay?

CAROL

No. I'm scared as hell.

DOC

This time's a winner. One big score and we back off.

145

EXT. ABANDONED BARN - DAY

145

RUDY TRAVIS STUMBLES back over the crest of the hillock, onto the pathway in front of the barn. His figure is grotesque; the sportcoat shows four holes from Doc's .45 slugs, along with considerable dirt and mud stains picked up on his ass-over-teakettle trip to the bottom of the hill. Terrible pain; his walk a half-lurch...

146

EXT. SIDE OF THE BARN - DAY

146

Rudy turns on a rusted tap which sends air-pocketed water gurgling down into a mold-covered trough. Rudy pulls off the jacket, revealing one of the padded bullet-proof vests. Rudy undoes the vest, lets it fall to his feet. A huge crimson stain shows at his collarbone. Rudy touches the blood with his right hand, then looks at his hand. Breathing heavily he kneels down and begins to splash the purling water across his face --

147

EXT. THE RANCH - RUDY - DAY

147

Inside the barn, behind the wheel of the Toyota, Rudy's matted black hair is in contrast to his blanched face. He starts the engine, painfully bringing it to life. The car leaps crazily forward, careening across the barn floor, SMASHING through the wooden doors as it bursts out into the sunlight --

148

INT. STATION WAGON - OPEN HIGHWAY - ARIZONA - DAY

148

Brutal, desolate country.

DOC

Tell me about Beynon's hacienda.

CAROL

I've never been there...when we met it was in his office.

Pause.

CAROL

You trust him?

DOC

I just figure the percentages. People do what they think is smart. He sure as hell won't try a double cross until he's got the money.

CAROL

Let's send his cut back. Just keep on going. Get back to El Rey.

DOC

Why?

Continued...

148 Cont.

CAROL

There's three guys dead. Beynon's going to be real upset. He could try to fuck us over.

148

DOC

Let's do it my way. Stay as clean as we can. Beynon's got a lot of friends. By tonight they'd all be looking for us... You make a deal, you're better off keeping up your end.

The wagon continues moving down the highway --

149

EXT. NARROW DIRT ROAD - ARIZONA - DAY

149

The station wagon appears, bouncing along the rutted surface.

150

EXT. STATION WAGON - DAY

150

The station wagon clears the crest of a sagebrush hill...
A large Spanish-style hacienda below.

151

INT. STATION WAGON/EXT. BEYNON'S HACIENDA - DAY

151

Doc parks the wagon under a gnarled tree in front of the hacienda. As he shuts off the engine, he pulls the .45 out of his coat pocket and shoves it into his waistband.

DOC

I'll wrap it up fast. Anybody comes over that hill, get out your gun and use it.

Doc steps out of the wagon, then pulls the leather suitcase out of the back. He quietly shuts the car door and moves around the side of the house -- looks carefully around the area, eyes searching for signs of Beynon's men. Doc crosses to the back screen door. Quietly opens it and enters...

152

EXT./INT. BEYNON'S HACIENDA - DAY

152

Doc moves through the service porch/pantry and into the kitchen.

153

INT. KITCHEN - BEYNON - DAY

153

Beynon sits at the long kitchen table; head on hand, eyes slightly glazed... on the checkered oilcloth in front of him is a quart bottle of tequila, now half empty.

He's drinking it straight.

Doc looks steadily at Beynon for a moment, sets the suitcase down on the table then crosses to the sink, picks up a glass and returns to the table. Doc pours himself a drink, downs the shot. Then opens the suitcase and begins to take out stacks of money.

153 Cont.

BEYNON

Doc McCoy...I wasn't sure I'd be seeing you again.

(swirling the drink)

The news said two people dead. A guard and one of the hold-up men.

153

Beynon wears a .38 Detective Special in a worn leather belly holster.

DOC

The news got it wrong. Three dead. Rudy got ambitious, shot Hansen, tried to nail me...

BEYNON

And you killed him...

DOC

Wasn't much choice.

Doc looks at Beynon, notes his gun, then continues stacking the money.

BEYNON

What about your wife?

DOC

She's fine.

(right to the business at hand)

Let's cut up the money, I want to get south...

154

INT. STATION WAGON - DAY

154

Parked under the tree at the front of the house, Carol sits inhaling deeply on a cigarette -- lines of strain formed across her face --

155

INT. BEYNON'S KITCHEN - DAY

155

Doc stacking the money.

BEYNON

I don't like complications. I told you I didn't want anyone killed. You agreed to that.

DOC

You pull a hold-up, you take chances.

BEYNON

You know, McCoy, you and I may be two of a kind.

Beynon keeps smiling, walks over and slops three fingers of tequila into Doc's glass.

Continued...

DOC

No. I always do my own dirty work...I never liked any of you guys with shiny shoes, thousand dollar suits and two-bit smiles. Crooks that want to look respectable.

Beynon drinks as Doc continues counting the money.

BEYNON

You still don't get the picture, do you? That's funny because I've always heard what a smart operator you are --

From beyond there might be the quiet SOUND of a screen door opening.

BEYNON

Let's look at the situation. One, a very attractive woman. Two, the woman's husband, a thief and a killer serving a long sentence in a Mexican hellhole. Three, a politician, lots of power and influence, a fella who can easily get a parole for the husband...but why should he?

Sips slowly from his glass --

BEYNON

A simple reason. The obvious reason. Money. But maybe there's another couple of considerations. The wife is very attractive. And very willing. So the inevitable happens. Enjoyed by both parties. Vigorously and repeatedly enjoyed. And the husband, of course, isn't aware of what's going on between the politician and the woman. A very intimate alliance. A very pleasurable alliance -- Then the moment arrives. The husband is baited to a remote place...a place like this...

Doc can see Carol standing at the entrance to the kitchen. She holds a .45 -- the pistol seems to be pointed directly at Doc.

BEYNON

Don't think too badly of your wife, Doc...After all, you were locked up in jail and she is a very healthy young woman...

CAROL

FIRES the automatic --
The big gun belches the full clip --
A stuttering EXPLOSION...

BEYNON

He SHRIEKS, the noise strangely like laughter -- driven back against the kitchen wall, he slips downward...

Continued...

156 Cont. DOC

156

stands momentarily frozen.

Carol drops the automatic, sending it clattering and spinning away across the floor.

Doc turns, picks up the automatic, shoves it in his waistband -- moves to the sink, splashes water across his face then fills a glass from the tap. Drinks it, looks back at her...

CAROL

stands watching Doc; tears stream down her cheeks.

BEYNON'S BODY

very dead; behind him traces of blood show along the white wall --

157

EXT. BEYNON 'S HACIENDA - DAY

157

Carol swings the screen door open --

Doc carrying Beynon's body -- now wrapped in a couple of Indian blankets. He approaches a water well ringed by adobe bricks -- tips the corpse and sends it tumbling down into the dark hole --

DOC - CAROL

Listening to the body splash as it hits bottom --

Doc turns, walks past Carol back into the house.

158

INT. KITCHEN - BEYNON'S HACIENDA

158

Doc standing at the sink, scrubbing his hands and arms with a bar of coarse soap. He finishes, then begins drying his hands with a dish towel.

Carol stands in the doorway -- Doc crosses to the table, lifts an orange from the fruit bowl and begins peeling it with a small paring knife.

DOC

We got a lot of money, we pulled a job and right now we're clean...maybe the cops will tie it to us... maybe they won't...then there's Beynon, somebody's going to find his body...maybe tomorrow. That's a lot of maybes...and that's not so good... there's only one thing in all that that's any good, and that's the money... We wipe up the blood, wipe up the prints, be gone in an hour...

Turns, stares at her.

Continued...

159 Cont.

DOC

You had a choice about tellin' me that I was walking into a fucking setup -- if you couldn't trust me to deal with it, how the hell can I trust you?

159

CAROL

You can drive yourself crazy tryin' to figure out another person...I made up my mind about you. That's what should count, isn't it?

Doc is silent for a moment, then pulls the car over to the side of the road --

DOC

You're right. You did what you had to do to get me out of that hellhole. That's what counts.

He puts his arm around her.

CAROL

It's my fault. I wanted to tell you the truth right from the start, but...

DOC

You were afraid I'd act just like I did. And you were right.

(he kisses her gently)
Let's just leave it at that.

He shifts into drive and turns the car back onto the highway --

CAROL

relaxes down into her seat; she's much happier for a moment or two. Then her features begin to tighten into a slight frown. She casts a quick, suspicious side-long glance at Doc...

160

INT. TOYOTA - ARIZONA - NIGHT

160

Rudy is driving along a dark highway. He sings along with a Mexican song on the radio, one arm on the wheel, the other clutching his wound. A small sign near a mailbox catches Rudy's eye. He swings the Toyota around in a U-turn, then pulls into the long dirt driveway of an isolated ranch house.

161

THE SIGN reads:

161

HAROLD CLINTON
LICENSED VETERINARIAN

162

INT. ANIMAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

162

Empty cages stacked along a wooden wall.

A young kitten in a cardboard box wrestling with the barrel of a .44.

Continued...

162 Cont. A thick veined hand gently rubs the gun over the fur along the cat's neck and backbone.

Rudy Travis is preoccupied with the cat, giving little attention to the fortyish Man standing nearby.

HAROLD CLINTON puts away a large syringe then snaps shut the medical bag.

Rudy lies across a cot in one corner of the barn-like animal hospital.

The large room is lined with stalls, cages and pens, many of them vacant.

The wounded criminal is bare-chested.

A plaster cast on his left arm and shoulder.

FRAN CLINTON sits on a high wooden stool opposite Rudy.

She's blonde, tawdry --

Five years younger than her husband, tight sweater and skirt, bright scarlet fingernail polish, well-built, her face suggests sensuality.

Fran's bare legs are crossed under her rumpled skirt.

RUDY

What's the damage?

HAROLD

The glucose should start working in half an hour. You'll feel better then...But the collar bone is badly shattered. No infection yet...the bandages should be changed several times a day.

RUDY

Yeah. I guess I'm gonna need me a nurse...

HAROLD

Perhaps, on second thought, it might be wiser just to leave the bandages in place. You could irritate the wound...

Rudy pulls the heavy .38 from his belt, twirls it around casually, then smacks the vet hard against his shoulder with the butt. He topples to the floor.

RUDY

Now maybe you'd better sit there and have a good third thought. Just think real careful and give me the truth. Will I need more lookin' after or won't I?

HAROLD

Well...there could be a chance of gangrene.

RUDY

In that case, the three of us are gonna do some traveling. We'll start in the morning. We're gonna take your car to Juarez.

HAROLD

'But that's not possible. We cannot leave here...We have our work. All the animals.

Rudy smiles at Fran.

He's never met Fran before, but he's known her for years.

Continued...

Is it possible?

RUDY

162

FRAN
(scared, trying to be friendly)
Sure. Just tell us what you want.

Rudy looks back down at the gun and cat.
The following silence is like a scream. Finally:

RUDY
What kind of car do you have, Harold?

FRAN
We have a Ford.

RUDY
That's good. That's real good. Now, Harold,
first thing in the morning, you go out and gas up
the Ford, check the oil and tires. We don't want
any problems on the road. One more thing...if
anybody but you comes back...

He points the gun at Fran.

RUDY
She gets her clock fixed right away...You under-
stand that, Harold? She dies.

He walks over to the door. Harold follows sullenly.

RUDY
After you come back, I'll listen while you make
some phone calls, tell a few friends you've got
to leave for a week or two...Tell 'em it's family
business, then you have to call another vet about
the animals. They got to be looked after...

A long pause.

FRAN
You do what he says, Harold.

163 EXT. SMALL TOWN - STATION WAGON - NEW MEXICO - NIGHT 163

The wagon rolls up to a stop sign --

164 INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT 164

Carol studying a road map, Doc at the wheel.

CAROL
Looks like about another ten miles before we hit
the next highway...

Continued...

164 Cont.

164

DOC

I figure we head northeast. Dump this wagon, grab a train to Albuquerque.

CAROL

I thought we were heading straight for Mexico. Try to get across the border --

DOC

Big question is whether the cops are lookin' for us or not. If they are, they figure we're headin' south. If they're not...no point in takin' chances. It won't take us too far out of the way --

She doesn't seem to be listening.

DOC

Something wrong?

She shakes her head...

DOC

Look, we're partners, aren't we? Let's get it straightened out, whatever it is.

CAROL

I don't know -- But I guess I just realized that if you -- if you were really upset with me, I probably wouldn't know it. You'd be acting like everything was still alright, that you understood --

DOC

I'm not following you.

CAROL

I mean about Beynon. Because even if you were still really pissed off and suspicious, you'd want me to think that everything was okay again, wouldn't you? You'd want me to think that you'd forgiven me, even if you hadn't.

A moment's pause as the implication sinks in.

DOC

What kind of crazy bullshit is this? If I say that I don't trust you anymore you figure I'm out to get you. And if I tell you that I believe you about Beynon, you're still not sure you can trust me. Either way you make yourself nuts.

Doc reaches into his jacket and pulls his gun out of its holster.

DOC

This should prove something to you.

He hands the pistol to Carol, pointed directly at himself --

Continued...

164 Cont.

DOC

You don't trust me, just pull the trigger.

164

She holds it for a moment...
Gives it back to Doc.
He smiles.

DOC

We're gonna make it. Down to Mexico. All the way to El Rey.

165

INT. TRAIN STATION - ALBUQUERQUE - DAY

165

Carol is standing in a ticket line that moves slowly forward. She struggles, clutching the heavy, money-laden suitcase and her oversize purse...

The station is ancient, vault-like. Baggage lockers line the perimeter of the lobby and extend off into clumped rows within the wings of the station. Carol approaches the ticket window. She places the suitcase flush against the base of the counter and holds it tightly in place with one leg.

TICKET-SELLER

Ninety-five dollars. Leaves in forty-five minutes. Gate Three.

She pays, then places the tickets into her purse along with the change. Wearily, she labors the satchel back into her hand, then turns and begins to slowly walk down the station promenade --

166

INT. MULTI-STORIED AUTO PARK - ALBUQUERQUE - DAY

166

Doc takes a bright orange ticket from an attendant behind a glass window, then accelerates the wagon up a rampway leading to the upper levels.

DOC

checks his watch momentarily as he prowls the wagon between long rows of parked automobiles.

167

THE STATION WAGON'S TIRES

167

WHINE through a sweeping turn within the auto park's uppermost level -- through the portals the bright morning sun can be seen reflecting off the city's rooftops.

168

DOC

168

pulls the wagon to an abrupt halt within a parking stall --
He steps out onto the concrete flooring, slams the door shut.
As Doc approaches the elevator, he tears the orange auto park stub into fragments and drops them into a trash bin without missing a stride --

169

A CLOCK READING: 2:40

169

170

INT. TRAIN STATION - ALBUQUERQUE - LOBBY BENCH - DAY

170

Carol stares across the room at the scattering of passengers waiting on the wooden seats opposite from her. Carol's nervous boredom increases; she looks down at her lap, pretends to find something wrong with her nails and begins rubbing the cuticles. Carol finally rises impulsively from the bench, immediately reaching for the black leather satchel.

CAROL

Now walks back down the promenade carrying the suitcase. As other baggage-laden passengers scurry around her, she looks across the arcade, her eyes finding a glass-walled cocktail lounge. She hesitates, then begins to trudge toward the bar.

171

A BANK OF LOCKERS

171

stands near the cocktail lounge. As Carol approaches, an elderly woman deposits a coin in one of the numbered lockers, opens the metal door and places a small suitcase inside. Closing and relocking the door, the woman quickly moves away. Having noted the woman and more than tired of hauling her burden around the station, Carol steps to the end locker, takes coins from her purse, then studies the time-scarred operating instructions on the face of the locker.

She slips the coins into the slot and opens the locker door. As Carol bends to pick up the suitcase the locker door swings closed...she tries to open it but the door has re-locked itself...Carol, disgusted with her predicament, again puts the suitcase down and pulls a handful of coins out of her change purse. As she again reads the numbered directions, a MAN appears at her shoulder.

THE MAN

his Doberman-Pincer features are broken by a weedy-black moustache and gold teeth.

He wears a cheap tropical suit, set off by bow tie.

CHEAP SUIT

Kind of tricky, isn't it?

In one smooth movement Cheap Suit plucks the coins from Carol's hand, deposits them in the slot and swings the locker door open. Setting the heavy suitcase inside, he closes the door, tests it to show that it has been relocked, then removes the key from the lock and puts it into Carol's hand. She is intimidated momentarily by the man's sudden appearance and forcefulness -- as well as being confused by his intentions --

CAROL

Thanks...

Continued...

CHEAP SUIT

(big grin)
Hey, no problem. Glad to help.

171

Stepping backward, he disappears into a welter of station activity. Carol watches his receding figure for a moment, then placing the key into her purse, turns and begins moving toward the cocktail lounge.

172

INT. TRAIN STATION - ALBUQUERQUE - COCKTAIL LOUNGE

172

Carol sits in the bar having a beer.
Doc appears behind her, takes a seat...

DOC

Where is it?

CAROL

Don't worry, it's safe. Locker, right outside.

DOC

Let's go get it, okay. I get nervous if I can't see it.

She takes a sip...

CAROL

I been thinking -- back in the car...When you gave me your gun, it felt real light. You took the clip out, didn't you?

She finishes the beer, puts some money on the counter, moves off leaving him sitting there.

173

BACK WITHIN THE PROMENADE

173

Carol emerges from the cocktail lounge, crosses to the lockers, retrieves the key from her purse and thrusts it into the proper slot.
It doesn't turn.

Puzzled, she tries again, then forcing the key, Carol shakes the lock violently.

Her eyes widening into a quiet panic, she next looks at the locker number and then the number on the key. Her features now gone totally ashen. Carol walks up the bank of lockers -- puts the key in another locker -- the metal door opens, the compartment is empty.

DOC

is now at her side --

CAROL

I can't get the locker open...the key...

DOC

Somebody helped you?

She nods...

Continued...

173 Cont.

DOC
Switched keys, oldest con in the world.

173

CAROL
It was just a few minutes ago... .

DOC
How long?

CAROL
Fifteen minutes.

DOC
Sure?

CAROL
Yes... yes, I'm sure. What took you so long? If you'd have got here sooner...

Doc pushes Carol forward.

DOC
Move with me, see if you can spot him.

Walking at a rapid pace they start through the station.
They reach the main concourse after moving down the length of the promenade -- eyes straining...

174

DOWN A STAIRWAY

174

Moving with desperate calmness, Doc and Carol hurry into the subterranean passages of the station.

175

NEAR THE TRAIN GATES

175

Doc relentlessly pulls Carol along.
Tides of passengers sweep before them.
Carol desperately searches the passing faces...

CAROL
There!

She stares down the long corridor, her eyes finding Cheap Suit.
He stands near another bank of lockers, the black suitcase at his feet.

176

CHEAP SUIT

176

looks up at Carol --
his expression never changes. He takes a step towards her, smiling, then, with a movement that is both abrupt and casual, he snatches up the money bag and disappears behind the row of lockers, obscured by the constant traffic of train passengers.

Continued...

176 Cont. DOC

176

moves immediately after him. Carol follows Doc but is unable to keep up. She watches as Doc vanishes behind the row of lockers.

CAROL

rounds the last locker in the row, but both men have now disappeared from view...

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE

Attention, please. The Express is now boarding at Gate Three. The Express is now boarding at Gate Three.

177

INT. ALBUQUERQUE TRAIN STATION - DOC

177

moving between the rows of lockers; catching sight of Cheap Suit -- he closes in.

Doc again loses sight of Cheap Suit as he dodges off onto a main passenger concourse.

Cheap Suit is weighted down by the heavy suitcase, however the terminal is his regularly hunted game preserve... he knows every inch of its interior.

178

CHEAP SUIT

178

hurries along the main concourse weaving between the incoming and departing passengers that dot the long corridor.

179

DOC

179

in pursuit down the concourse, he passes several sealed off departure/arrival gates.

180

CHEAP SUIT

180

steps off the concourse into Gate Three, an open stairway winding downward.

181

DOC

181

follows him down the stairway to the train area where he immediately skips over the winding ramp and onto the loading platform. Doc steps behind a pillar -- he waits watchfully. After a moment or two, Cheap Suit edges out from behind another column and starts back up the platform towards the concourse.

182

THE EXPRESS

182

stands at trackside, perpendicular to the boarding gate.

Continued...

182 Cont. Two doors to the train stand open, one in the pullman section, the other entrance admitting day coach passengers.

182

CAROL

is walking down the main concourse, moving along with the flow of about-to-depart passengers. The Express comes into sight, visible on the next level below.

THE TRAIN CONDUCTOR

stands by the coach entrance. He grins at the boarding passengers as he speaks to a nearby brakeman.

DOC

moving quickly again.
He sees Cheap Suit slip past the conductor and onto the train.

CHEAP SUIT

is now inside the day coach.
He begins moving toward the forward compartments.

DOC

Expertly squirms through the boarding throng and disappears past the Conductor, up into the passenger car vestibule.

CAROL

Watching from the concourse as passengers board the Express.
She hesitates, then moves forward to Gate Three which will take her down to trackside --
Carol stands at the edge of the gate -- the last of the crowd having already passed through. She hesitates again, staring down at the train...

183

INSIDE A RAIL CAR

183

The aisle is clogged with passengers. People hesitate over their selection of seats, put baggage into overhead racks, clumsily remove their coats...Cheap Suit continues to move forward, squirming around the passengers...

184

AT THE END OF A PULLMAN

184

Doc enters, threading his way forward, scanning faces.
He is one car behind Cheap Suit and losing ground as he carefully notes each passenger --
Doc is further delayed by a Woman blocking the aisle.

Continued...

192

THE SMOKING CAR

192

is empty, although several passengers and a PORTER enter it moments after Doc leads the way. He passes through the length of the car, moves into the vestibule, and like Cheap Suit a few moments before, finds his passage blocked by the baggage car. Doc hesitates, then without changing expression, he turns and begins going back in the opposite direction.

193

AT THE MEN'S ROOM

193

Doc stops -- staring hard at the door for a moment. He tries the handle. The door remains firmly shut.

PORTER
(appearing suddenly at Doc's
shoulder)

Be open five minutes out of the station.

Something about Doc's manner catches the Porter's attention.

PORTER
Everything alright, sir? Need any help?

DOC
No problem.

Doc nods and moves away, continuing to retrace his steps toward his point of entrance onto the train.

194

INT. MEN'S ROOM - CHEAP SUIT

194

having abandoned the jammed window, is now undoing the snaps and straps holding the suitcase closed. The lid pulls upward and Cheap Suit reacts like a man with a vision of the holy grail. Stacks of money appear under his hands. He grabs a packet of money, slips the stack into the inside breast pocket of his jacket.

195

DOC

195

moves with determination back through the passenger cars --

196

INT. MEN'S ROOM - CHEAP SUIT

196

has again closed the suitcase. He nervously looks about his tight-walled sanctuary, then crosses back to the window and stares out through a corner of the pane. He pulls the shade lower.

184 Cont. She struggles painfully, trying to fit a suitcase into an overhead carriage. 184
Doc, with the most forced of smiles, reaches up to help her.

185 CHEAP SUIT 185

moves through another vestibule and into an empty car -- now unobserved, he immediately breaks into a run.

186 DOC 186

looking, moving nimbly into another vestibule and car.
The passengers have become fewer and fewer as he nears the front of the train.

187 CHEAP SUIT 187

runs through another vestibule and into a dingy, straw-seated smoker. This car also deserted, he maintains his trotting pace, swinging the heavy suitcase as he goes...reaching the end of the smoker, he enters the next vestibule and attempts to move into the following car, but Cheap Suit is brought to a halt by the sudden dead end of the passageway. The next car holds only baggage.

Cheap Suit desperately tries to open the vestibule door, hoping to escape by jumping off the train, but the doors are tightly locked.
He begins to retrace his steps --

188 DOC 188

moves into the next car, still unknowingly two cars behind Cheap Suit.

189 CHEAP SUIT 189

passes back to the vestibule at the rear of the smoker, his eye suddenly catching the Men's Lounge. He tries the door -- locked.
Cheap Suit snaps out a pen knife, starts to pick the lock --
Passengers are visible behind him as he works, filtering into the pullman car following the smoker. None of them note his feverish activity.
Finally the restroom door swings open --

190 INT. MEN'S ROOM 190

Cheap Suit immediately snaps the bolt-lock shut behind him, crosses the small, murky room and tries to lift the window.
He strains mightily but the glass remains hopelessly jammed.

191 DOC 191

enters the final passenger car, notes the half dozen travelers and continues moving forward, going next into the smoker.

- 197 METAL WHEELS 197
grind against the track, the train shudders, then begins to MOVE forward --
- 198 INT. MEN'S ROOM - CHEAP SUIT 198
is watching through the men's room window as the train edges forward.
His body suddenly tightens.
- 199 DOC - CHEAP SUIT'S P.O.V. 199
glancing between parked passenger cars, walking cautiously ahead.
As the Express continues to move slowly forward, Doc disappears from
view.
- 200 INT. MEN'S ROOM - CHEAP SUIT 200
a quick smile. Turning away from the window, he picks up the suitcase,
unbolts the door lock and steps back out into the corridor near the vestibule.
- 201 INT. VESTIBULE - DOC 201
slides an arm behind the back of Cheap Suit's neck, pulling him in close.
- DOC
I'll give you a tip -- When you pop a lock with a
knife, don't leave scratch marks. It's not
professional.
- CHEAP SUIT
Hey, you've got the wrong guy.
- Cheap Suit's knife instantly flashes into his hand, but before he can bring it
into play, Doc catches his arm, while tightening his grip at Cheap Suit's
throat.
Cheap Suit's head is relentlessly pulled lower. His voice is choked off by
Doc's hand jammed under his chin. Cheap Suit's skull bends back... the
struggle increases -- the suitcase drops free -- with a sudden jerk, Doc snaps
Cheap Suit's arm, then shoves him out of the vestibule and off the train...
- 202 INT. CLINTON'S ANIMAL HOSPITAL - ARIZONA - DAY 202
Rudy stands at the window looking out...
- 203 EXT. HOUSE - HIS P.O.V. - HAROLD - MORNING 203
driving away from the house in his Ford --

Continued...

FRAN (V.O.)
Don't worry too much about Harold. He's
harmless.

RUDY AND FRAN

As he turns and looks at her -- Fran's wearing a housecoat; she stands in the doorway across the room...

RUDY
How long you two been married?

FRAN
Two years.

RUDY
He don't seem like your type.

FRAN
(shrugs)
I liked him. We met when he was studying
medicine in Tucson. I was waitressing.

Rudy continues looking at her --

RUDY
Come over here a minute.

He gestures with his gun.

FRAN
Look, I'm not going to be any trouble to you,
fact is, this may sound funny, but maybe you
and I could be friends...

Rudy gestures her closer...

FRAN
You don't always have to be pointin' your gun.
I'll get whatever you want. Really, I will...

She is now standing over the cot, looking directly down at Rudy.
He pushes the muzzle of his gun against the hem of her housecoat, lifts it...

RUDY
What're you wearing underneath?

FRAN
Nothin'.

Continued...

203 Cont.

RUDY

First, you get rid of that nail polish, I don't like it. Second, when I tell you to come over here, you move real fast; third, I know how you and I are going to get along because I've known a lot of people like you, so don't tell me about it because I got your ticket going in. Now get that paint off your hands...okay?

203

204

INT. PULLMAN CAR - CAROL - DAY

204

She lowers herself into the window seat of a vacant row..

CONDUCTOR

Tickets?

Carol opens her purse. As she hands the Conductor the tickets, Doc arrives -- he puts the suitcase on the seat opposite, sits down next to Carol... Doc takes a quick breath, half-smiling up at the Conductor -- As the Conductor passes on, Doc thumbs idly through a newspaper.

CAROL

Did you kill him?

DOC

Don't know. Your friend decided to get off the train before the next stop. Depends how he fell --

CAROL

What if he calls the cops?

DOC

I don't figure he's on good terms with the law...We'll hit Amarillo in a couple of hours. We get off the train there. Grab a car, make for El Paso. I'll phone Gollie. Let him know we're still heading for El Rey.

Carol turns to the window

The train continues to rattle on...

He looks at her for a moment -- then turns the page in the newspaper.

205

INT. CLINTON'S FORD - HIGHWAY - NEW MEXICO - DAY

205

Rudy sits in the backseat as Harold cautiously motors down the highway. Rudy wears a jacket over his cast. The handle of his pistol can be seen extending from one of the side pockets of the overcoat. With his one good arm, Rudy cares for the calico kitten resting in the cardboard box on the back seat. He reaches into his pocket, pulls out a small vial, and pops two pain pills.

RUDY

You can talk a little, Harold. Help loosen you up.

Harold's grip tightens on the wheel.

Continued...

205 Cont.

205

FRAN

How come we're going to El Paso, Rudy?

RUDY

I just need to look up a couple of friends. Get back a suitcase they're holding for me. Then I'm headin' south of the border. Real far south.

FRAN

That sounds great. I love to travel, but Harold never wants to go anywhere.

206

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD/NEAR RAILROAD TRACKS - NEW MEXICO - SUNSET 206

An accident scene with ambulance and police cars --
Cheap Suit, lifeless, down on the pavement.
THE COUNTY CORONER zips up the bodybag.
He walks over to a GROUP OF HIGHWAY PATROLMEN.

CORONER

Better take a look at this. I found it in his jacket pocket.

He hands one of the POLICEMAN a tightly bound packet of money.
Printed clearly on the wrapper band:

GREYHOUND PARK
Phoenix, Arizona

The Policeman quickly gets on the car radio:

POLICEMAN

This is Car 14. Patch me into the Arizona State Police...

207

INT. TRAIN - PULLMAN CAR - NIGHT

207

Carol watches through the double windows as the train yard lights of a city STROBE by.
Turns looks at Doc.
He shifts his glance away.

CAROL

The way you're acting is bullshit. I know you still got a thing for me -- you can't just switch it off like a light bulb.

Doc just looks at her -- doesn't respond.

CAROL

What about the fact that I decided to trust you? Doesn't that count? I'm taking my chances which, means I'm either pretty stupid or pretty sure you're gonna decide that I did the right thing. That I'm being straight with you --

Continued...

207 Cont.

207

DOC

You want to get things straight? Tell me about Beynon.

CAROL

Come on, you know the story -- I'm pretty. He bought me things. Made promises.

DOC

And you liked the things he bought you.

CAROL

Some of them, yeah. Dresses. Jewelry. So what? Men always think it's about money and fucking. It wasn't that hard to make him think I'd picked him --

DOC

Exactly.

CAROL

Beynon made a mistake trusting me. If I'd told you it wouldn't have worked.

(short laugh)

I killed the guy who trusted me. And now the guy I shot him for doesn't trust me. Sort of funny, isn't it?

Doc lifts the suitcase as the Conductor appears at the vestibule at the opposite end of the car.

CONDUCTOR

Amarillo! Amarillo! Next stop, Amarillo!

208

INT. TERMINAL - TRAIN CONCOURSE - AMARILLO - NIGHT

208

Doc and Carol come down the gangway and turn up the pavement toward the main part of the depot. Doc holding the black suitcase as they walk --

209

EXT. TRAIN DEPOT PARKING LOT - AMARILLO - NIGHT

209

Carol stands watch as Doc kneels down to jimmy open the lock of an ancient Buick.

DOC

Airports, train stations, best places in the world to steal a car. Always go to the long-term parking lot.

Continued...

209 Cont. The door pops open. Doc crawls in, starts to hot-wire it.

209

DOC

With any luck you can count on at least a couple of days before anyone reports it.

The engine turns over.

Carol quickly climbs in, stashes the suitcase on the floor.

Doc grins --

DOC

See? My childhood wasn't totally wasted.

They pull out.

210

INT. POLICE STATION - ALBUQUERQUE - NIGHT

210

THE CONDUCTOR STUDIES THREE FAX PICTURES of men looking something like Doc. Printed at one side of the photographs are their criminal records.

THE SENIOR DETECTIVE AND THE TWO PLAINCLOTHES officers are seated within the Communication Room of the department. THE FAX MACHINE comes to life --

211

FAX MACHINE - ANGLES

211

THE PRINT-OUT REVEALS DOC McCOY'S FACE.

The Detective tears off the print-out to the Conductor --

CONDUCTOR (V.O.)

Yeah, that's him. No question about it, that's him.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)_

Get some ID on the corpse?

PLAINCLOTHES DETECTIVE (V.O.)

Just a small-time grifter, petty thief. Probably had no idea who he was dealing with --

212

INT. BUICK - NIGHT

212

As it motors down a Texas highway. The suitcase is propped up between Doc and Carol in the front seat. Doc, seated on the passenger side, bangs the car radio with his hand --

DOC

We'd better stop and get a radio at the next big town -- I want to stay on top of the news.

CAROL

As long as we can get something to eat...I need a cheeseburger...I can't even remember the last time I ate.

213 EXT. DOWNTOWN - LUBBOCK - NIGHT 213

PAN UP from the suitcase --

Doc in a phone booth -- car lights from the heavy traffic rim his features within the glass.

He drops several coins in the slot. Dials.

214 INT. PHONE BOOTH - DOC - NIGHT 214

DOC

Hello, Gollie -- Yeah, it's Doc. Yeah. I got some good news Gollie, I'm rich. Yeah, great. How we doin' on travel arrangements to El Rey? Right. Right. Okay. We'll be there in the morning. Try to get us out as soon as you can. No. Nobody's lookin' for us. We're clean.

Hangs up.

215 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - LUBBOCK - NIGHT 215

Doc, carrying the suitcase, crosses the sidewalk to an APPLIANCE STORE - goes inside...

216 INT. APPLIANCE / HARDWARE STORE - NIGHT 216

A number of television sets are on display within the store.

All switched on to the same channel.

A newscaster on each screen reading the news...

217 DOC'S P.O.V. - TV SCREENS (NO SOUND) 217

The image goes to the site of the dogtrack robbery -- Police cars, mini-cam reporters, ambulances...

218 DOC 218

Watching -- suddenly...

ALL THE TELEVISION SETS HAVE DOC'S PICTURE ON THEM --

Doc moves to a counter at the rear of the store. A SALESMAN approaches.

SALESMAN

(with a smile)

Can I help you?

DOC

Sure can. I'd like the Envicta over there, the 12-gauge pump with the twenty-inch barrel. And while we're at it, four boxes of double-ought buck.

Continued...

SALESMAN
Just in time for hunting season.

The Salesman goes to the gun rack behind him, lifts off the short-barreled shotgun.
Just as the Salesman turns, the TV screens switch to the sports news...
Maybe he caught it, maybe he didn't.

AT THE COUNTER

The Salesman lays out the gun and the boxes of shells.
As Doc stuffs the shell boxes into his jacket pocket:

DOC
That's fine. Wrap the gun up if you can. You know...paper bag?

SALESMAN
Right away.

He reaches below the counter for the wrapping paper.

SALESMAN
Three hundred and forty-two seventy-eight.

Doc quickly pays the man.

DOC
Much obliged.

Doc turns as the Salesman moves over to another customer --
Approaches the store window.
Doc sees a POLICE CAR slowly drift by...

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Doc slides into a booth opposite Carol. She's busy with her dinner.

CAROL
I ordered you a couple of cheeseburgers and some chili.

The WAITRESS appears with Doc's order.

WAITRESS
We've been keepin' it warm for you.

She starts to put the plates down.

DOC
(smiling sheepishly)
Look, I'm real sorry, but could you just make that order to go?...And could we also have the check, please. We'll go ahead and pay at the register.

Continued...

219 Cont.

WAITRESS

219

(irritated)
Whatever.

She loads the plates back onto her tray and heads for the kitchen.

CAROL

What's wrong?

DOC

We've got big trouble. Local news has my photo.
Let's roll.

AT THE CASH REGISTER, as Doc is impatiently waiting behind an
ELDERLY COUPLE to pay the CASHIER.

CAROL

You pay -- I'll check outside.

She goes out the entrance.

220

CAROL'S P.O.V. DOWN THE STREET

220

As a Police car double-parks down the street from the Buick --

221

INT. COFFEE SHOP

221

Doc is waiting by the door, holding the suitcase, as Carol returns --

CAROL

One cop car, down the street.

Carol moves ahead of Doc, exits the restaurant.
The Waitress calls from behind the counter.

WAITRESS

(holding up a brown paper bag)
Hey! You forgot your food!

222

DOC AND CAROL

222

moving quickly away from the restaurant. Doc still carries his gun in the
brown wrapping paper. Carol labors with the suitcase.

223

AT THE NEXT CORNER INTERSECTION

223

A TAXI-CAB is parked. Inside the CAB DRIVER is eating a take-out order
from the restaurant. Doc leans into the vehicle.

CAB DRIVER

Sorry, sir. I'm on my dinner break.

Doc interrupts by sticking the shotgun under the driver's chin as they
scramble into the back seat.

Continued...

223 - Cont.

Eat this.

223

224

INT. TAXI CAB - NIGHT

224

As the cab moves down the street and turns back onto a freeway.

DOC

You want to go on living, do exactly what I tell you.

CAB DRIVER

Sure thing, mister. You're not gonna get any argument from me.

DOC

Head east. Away from town.

The Cab Driver is quite scared --

CAB DRIVER

There's no one out that way this time of night. Just refineries...I don't know what kind of trouble you're in, but the best thing you could do is give yourselves up. You're never...

Doc shoves the shotgun muzzle hard against the driver's ear.

DOC

We don't need any advice --

The Driver winces in pain.

As the cab slowly makes its way through the downtown area...

RADIO DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Car two-seven-nine. Car two-seven-nine. Come in. We've got a pick-up waiting for you.

The Cab Driver ignores the radio.

Doc glances at the medallion i.d. plate on the meter -- #279.

DOC

That's you. Answer it.

CAB DRIVER

What d'you want me to say?

DOC

Tell him you've got a couple of businessmen lookin' for some action. You'll be tied up for a couple of hours.

The Cab Driver squirms nervously in his seat.

CAB DRIVER

Come on, the dispatcher's never gonna believe that. He'll know a couple of crooks have hijacked the cab.

Continued...

DOC
How's he gonna know that?

CAB DRIVER
He's an experienced man. He'll even know we're
just about to take Third street towards Gaines
Avenue...

CAROL
Doc, he's got his radio mike on. He's telling them
where we are.

Doc smashes the butt of the shotgun into the Cab Driver's head --
The Cab Driver slumps over --
Doc vaults over the seat -- slams on the brakes --

RADIO DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Two-seven-nine! Two-seven-nine! We read you...

Doc rips out the radio from under the dashboard.

DOC
(to Carol)
Take the wheel --

As Carol jumps into the front seat --
Doc yanks open the driver's door and pulls the Cab Driver out...

225

EXT. DESERTED STREET - TAXI CAB - NIGHT

225

The Cab Driver attempts a punch which Doc counters with a hard right
cross, knocking him out cold --
He pulls him over to a doorway and props him up.

226

INT. TAXI CAB - CAROL - NIGHT

226

She looks into the rear-view mirror -- a POLICE CAR appears, cutting in
from a highway exit ramp. As Doc bumps into the back seat, Carol kicks
the engine over, jams the stick into gear...

DOC LIFTS THE SHOTGUN onto his lap.

227

INT. MOVING POLICE CAR - DESERTED STREET - NIGHT

227

TWO OFFICERS -- The PASSENGER COP cradles a riot gun...

PASSENGER COP
Up ahead.

THE SQUAD CAR ROARS TO A STOP fifteen feet ahead of the taxi,
seemingly blocking the way...

228

INT. TAXI CAB - NIGHT

228

DOC SMASHES OUT THE REAR WINDOW with the butt of his shotgun.

Continued...

228 Cont.

DOC

Now!

228

CAROL STANDS ON THE ACCELERATOR -- THE TAXI GOES SCREAMING forward, bounces up across the sidewalk and slams back down through a vacant space on the opposite side, and moves around in a semi-circle across the asphalt, heading for the highway entrance ramp.

BRINGING THE CAB AROUND; SHE CAN SEE THE SQUAD CAR STREAKING backward. Carol pulls the wheel to the right and brings the taxi across the front of the SKIDDING police car.

229 INT. MOVING POLICE CAR - NIGHT 229

THE OFFICERS FIRE as the taxi streaks in front of them --

230 INT. MOVING TAXI CAB - NIGHT 230

DOC PUMPS the shotgun TWICE --

231 EXT. DESERTED STREET - NIGHT 231

THE POLICE CAR EXPLODES. THE HOOD IS LIFTED OFF THE BLACK AND WHITE. Both Officers jump out of the vehicle, pouring SHOTS after the retrieving taxi --

232 INT. MOVING TAXI CAB - NIGHT 232

CAROL -- SCREAMING AS THE FRONT WINDSHIELD SHATTERS around her --

233 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT 233

THE TAXI, BADLY RIDDLED, PULLS OUT ONTO THE FREEWAY --

234 ANOTHER SQUAD CAR COMES SPEEDING UP in the opposite direction. 234
Tires smoking along the street as the Black and White SCREAMS to a stop --

235 INT. MOVING TAXI CAB - NIGHT 235

CAROL PULLS THE TAXI BY THE SQUAD CAR --
DOC FIRES ANOTHER TWO BURSTS...

236 EXT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT 236

THE FRONT AND BACK FENDERS ARE HIT; the wheels disintegrate --
the impact of the shells rocks the Black and White upward --

THE PASSENGER COP, FIRING A .38 OUT HIS BACK WINDOW at the taxi as it streaks away -- Three holes open up on the trunk --

237

INT. MOVING TAXI CAB - NIGHT

237

Through the MISSING rear window, DOC CAN SEE BOTH OFFICERS
JUMP OUT OF THE SECOND Black and White.
Carol makes a quick turn off the road...

238

EXT. MOVING TAXI CAB - CITY STREET - NIGHT

238

THE TAXI ROARS DOWN THE DARK STREET INTO THE CITY'S
COMMERCIAL SECTION, suddenly slows, makes another sharp turn --
Whips up to the curb -- Doc and Carol jump out of the car. She carries the
suitcase, he hangs onto his big gun --

239

DOC AND CAROL - NIGHT
MOVING THROUGH A DESERTED RAILROAD FREIGHT YARD
The SOUND of sirens...

239

240

EXT. FREIGHT YARD - NIGHT

240

A freight train stands on siding.
MEN, dim figures without identity, move down both sides of the long line of
cars; shining lanterns into boxes, reefers, gondolas and slat-sided cattle cars.
They reach the end of the train, completing their search.
A lantern waves, signalling the engineer, who acknowledges it with two
short whistle blasts --

241

THE TRAIN

241

Humps and begins to move --
Gathers speed in forward lurches, soon moving very fast.
And the night echoes with the banshee wail of its highball, screaming for
right o' way...
The loneliest, God-awful sound in the world.

242

INT. CATTLE CAR - NIGHT

242

Carol and Doc lie prone on the floor of the car, smeared and caked with the
filth that covers it.
Suitcase propped up between them...

DOC

El Rey -- and three million bucks --

Another wail of the highball...

246 Cont. He laughs again and throws another french fry at Fran.
She suddenly catches his mood and begins laughing herself --
tosses one back at Rudy...Harold continues driving --
A french fry bounces off the window in front of him...

246

HAROLD

I've got to stop.

RUDY

I'll tell you when.

HAROLD

I've got to pee.

RUDY

I said, I'll tell you when.

THE CALICO KITTEN

is sleeping within the cardboard box, oblivious to Rudy and Fran's raucous laughter.

A stain begins to spread on Harold's pants, as he fights back tears of humiliation.

247

INT. FREMONT HOTEL - EL PASO - NIGHT

247

Rudy, Fran and Harold enter the dark, nearly deserted lobby and approach the reception desk. The large room is appointed with overstuffed and threadbare furniture.

GOLLIE flashes a quick grin from behind the counter, he puts down a Racing Form as Rudy draws near. At the switchboard behind Gollie, CARMEN, maybe thirty-five, sits next to the telephone jacks, reading a movie magazine.

Resting on the counter next to the woman is a bassinet with a four-month-old baby.

RUDY

You Gollie?

GOLLIE

Yes, sir, and that's my wife and that's my baby girl and that's my son.

Gollie indicates a seventeen-year-old BELLBOY sleeping in one of the overstuffed chairs.

RUDY

Congratulations, we need a room.

GOLLIE

No trouble. You came to the right place, one thing we got here is a lot of rooms. What else can I do for you?

Rudy just smiles.

243

EXT. OPEN HIGHWAY - TEXAS - SUNRISE

243

A small run-down motel in the middle of a vast nowhere --
The SOUND of country music...

244

A TRANSISTOR RADIO - MORNING

244

On a bedstand -- The frequency-band indicator GLOWS with a yellow light.
The country music continues...

245

INT. ROADSIDE MOTEL - TEXAS - SUNRISE

245

Rudy reaches over to the nightstand and shuts off the radio. His eyes stare vacantly ahead for a moment. He winces at his cast, then pops another pill. Harold Clinton is tied securely into a chair, his mouth tightly gagged. Fran is next to Rudy in the bed, nude, sleeping, one arm wrapped around his middle.

RUDY

How you doing over there, Harold? You sleep okay last night? Good. I'm, glad to hear it. We got a lot of miles to make today. We're in a race and I don't want to finish second...

Fran half awakens, pulls herself closer to Rudy.

246

EXT. HIGHWAY / INT. CLINTON'S FORD - DAY

246

The skyline of El Paso is in view. Harold drives, Fran is again in the front seat beside her husband...

Scrunched-up sack of food beside her.

She wipes her mouth with a napkin, shoves it inside the paper bag...

Rudy sits in the back eating greasy french-fries.

He suddenly throws one at Fran, hitting her on the shoulder.

RUDY

Have a bite, baby.

He throws another one at Fran.

FRAN

Oh, Christ, you wrecked my blouse...God damn it, Rudy, what did you do that for? Jesus.

RUDY

I'll tell you why I did it...it makes me feel good.

Continued...

248

INT. THIRD FLOOR CORRIDOR - FREMONT HOTEL - NIGHT

248

Gollie leads Rudy, Fran and Harold out of the elevator and down the dark-walled hallway, stopping before room number 312.
Gollie turns the key in the lock, opens the door.

GOLLIE

...it's hard to figure. There's something about the composition of the track at Caliente... You can't go by the clock, any speed horse, take a second off any other track in the country.

249

INT. ROOM 312 - FREMONT HOTEL - DAY

249

as the group enters.

GOLLIE

...but a speed horse is the only thing that consistently holds form. They got to let 'em run...Dumb goddamn trainers try to rate 'em, just breaks their hearts.

Rudy kicks the door shut with a SLAM, grabs Gollie's shoulder, spins him, hits him full in the stomach. As Gollie begins to fall, Rudy catches him, wallops him again in the mid-section, then throws him back into a ratty armchair. Rudy instantly pulls out his .44 and shoves it hard against Gollie's mouth.

RUDY

Okay, asshole, you get two choices. Live or die. Do what I tell you, you not only get to live, but maybe you'll pick up some money.

GOLLIE

(still breathless)

Just tell me, just tell me...I don't want no trouble.

Rudy shoves him hard against the wall.

RUDY

First things first. Main thing, you work for me. Otherwise, I mess you up. If I don't, six months from now, one of my friends will. You, your family, your neighbors and your dog...

250

EXT. STREET - DOC AND CAROL - EL PASO - LATE AFTERNOON

250

They sit on a sidewalk bench across from The Fremont hotel; three stories of red brick, jammed tight against the building is another seedy hotel of similar height in the poorest section of town..

DOC

I'll check it out. If everything's okay, I'll be back to get you in a couple of minutes...

Continued...

250 Cont Carol looks up at him and smiles. Doc touches a strand of her hair, puts it 250
into place -- then he starts for the entrance to the hotel.

51 INT. FREMONT HOTEL - SIDE ROOM - OFF LOBBY 251

Doc opens the suitcase, takes out some American money -- wrapped 100
dollar bills. Gollie takes several passports, driver's licenses, credit cards
out of a flight bag.

GOLLIE

All cherry stuff. Not reported. I think we can
get you all the way to El Rey with this shit. No
matter how hot you are.

Hands Doc a room key.

GOLLIE

403, you'll be the only ones on the floor. Just a
few hours, then we'll get you on your way.

DOC

I'll bring my wife in -- she's outside -- we're both
real hungry -- Have some food sent up as soon as
you can.

GOLLIE

Sandwiches okay?

DOC

Yeah, that'll be fine...

He picks up the suitcase -- snaps it shut.

GOLLIE

Gonna take about a half-hour. Maybe more.

They move out into the lobby...

252 INT. LOBBY - FREMONT HOTEL 252

Doc starts for the door --

DOC

When my wife comes in, have that kid of yours
see what else she needs.

GOLLIE

He took the day off.

DOC

Then you do it.

GOLLIE

Can't leave the desk. I'll work on the food.
Come on, Doc -- this is not the Hilton.

Continued...

252 Cont. Doc gives Gollie a half-pissed look. then goes back outside --

252

GOLLIE

Reaches for the desk phone...

253 INSIDE ROOM 312

253

Fran, wearing only a bathrobe, is filing her nails -- while watching an old movie on the TV set. Harold is cleaning and dressing Rudy's wound --- the criminal is seated on the bed. The phone begins to RING. Fran looks over to Rudy from her over-stuffed armchair.

RUDY

Okay, grunt, pick it up.

254 ELEVATOR DOORS - FOURTH FLOOR

254

Doc and Carol emerge through the sliding door and turn down the corridor -- reaching the door to room 403, Doc turns the key and the door swings open.

255 INT. RUDY'S HOTEL ROOM

255

Rudy is spinning the chamber on his .44, then shoves it into his jacket pocket. Fran, in her bra and panties, is getting dressed in the middle of the room. Harold is sitting on the bed. He looks up at Rudy, who pops another pill, then smiles at Harold.

RUDY

Okay, Harold, time for you to sit in the chair again.

Harold just looks at him.

RUDY

Harold, I asked you real nice, now stand up, go over there and sit in the chair.

Harold is almost catatonic, he stands, then moves to a wooden chair near the center of the room.

RUDY

has opened Harold's medical bag. He lifts out a roll of surgical tape.

RUDY

Things are movin' on, Harold. Now that we got here to the border, I guess we can part company real soon. I really do appreciate the way you've taken care of me.

He leans in close to Harold, nods towards Fran.

Continued...

255 Cont.

RUDY

I know you don't think so now, buddy. But in the long run, I'm doin' you a real favor.

255

Rudy suddenly SLUGS Harold along the side of the head with his pistol --

THE CALICO KITTEN

sleeps peacefully in its cardboard box.

256

INT. ROOM 403 - FREMONT HOTEL - BATHROOM

256

Carol is in the shower; steam hangs in the air as she vigorously soaps her body, cleansing herself of the residue from their journey...

257

DOC - IN THE BEDROOM

257

standing at the large windows facing across to the building next to Gollie's. The fire escapes of the two hotels virtually touch one another. Doc pulls down the yellowing paper shades. Now in the center of the room, Doc throws the suitcase on the bed, undoes the straps and snaps, lifts the lid open. He stares at the huge amount of money for a moment...

258

INT. ROOM 403 - FREMONT HOTEL - LATER

258

On the bed in Doc and Carol's room, the suitcase has now been closed; the .45 automatic sits beside it...Doc's overcoat also lies across the bedspread, near the now laundry-bagged shotgun.

CAROL

still in the bathroom of room 403. She wears only a slip. Carol is washing out her bra and panties in the basin, using a coarse bar of soap... Doc enters, begins taking off his shirt.

DOC

We've got some food coming, should be here any minute.

CAROL

Good. Then I'm going to try to get some sleep...

Pause.

CAROL

What's wrong?

DOC

I don't know. Can't quite put my finger on it --

She presses up against him. Kisses him slowly, softly.

Continued...

258 Cont.

CAROL

Get in the shower. You'll feel better.

258

A tired smile and he heads for the bathroom.

259

THE THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - FREMONT HOTEL

259

as Rudy and Fran emerge from room 312. The door shuts behind them.
Rudy guides Fran to the elevator.
He pushes the "up" button...

260

INT. ROOM 403 - FREMONT HOTEL - BATHROOM - DOC

260

The hard spray of the shower breaking over the back of his skull.
Tired, he closes his eyes, rests the side of his head against the tiled wall.

261

INT ROOM 403 - FREMONT HOTEL

261

Carol, still wearing the slip, lies back across the bed.
Her eyelids slowly fall shut. Carol has pushed the suitcase, overcoat and .45
off to one side.

262

RUDY AND FRAN

262

inside the elevator as it pulls upward. Rudy puts one hand inside his jacket
pocket.

263

EXT./INT. CAR - STREETS OF EL PASO

263

as one of Beynon's THUGS drives, ANOTHER THUG is beside him in the
front. Aguirre and Jim Deer ride in the back seat. They're on their way to
the Fremont.

264

INT. ROOM 403 - FREMONT HOTEL

264

Carol is lightly napping on the bed as Doc bursts out of the bathroom --
again dressed in his shorts, holding his pants in one hand.

DOC

Wake up! Quick!

Carol's eyes snap open.

DOC

Get dressed! We're getting out of here!

He quickly pulls on his pants...

CAROL

What is it?

Continued...

264 Cont.

DOC

Gollie. That's what was bothering me. He's always got his family around...that wife and kid of his stick close to make sure he stays off the booze and the horses.

264

CAROL

So what?

DOC

If they're not here, he must've sent them away. Something's wrong.

265

INT. CORRIDOR - FOURTH FLOOR - FREMONT HOTEL

265

Rudy and Fran get out of the elevator.

Rudy hooks the chain on the grill-door, preventing it from shutting, insuring that the lift will remain on the fourth floor.

They move down the hallway toward room 403, passing several rooms. Fran's face is taut -- Rudy starts his nervous grin --

266

INT. ROOM 403 - FREMONT HOTEL

266

Doc pulls his zipper closed, grabs his shirt.

CAROL

You're crazy. Maybe they just took the day off.

DOC

I'm not crazy, I'm careful. You can't be too careful. Get your stuff together. Let's move it.

She looks at him, doesn't move.

A hard KNOCK at the door.

Doc drops his shirt on the floor. He quickly reaches down, lifts his .45.

Doc gestures to Carol -- she moves toward the door.

CAROL

Who is it?

267

INT. HALLWAY - FREMONT HOTEL

267

Fran stands at the door to 403 -- Rudy is at her shoulder; he has taken out his revolver.

FRAN

It's your food, I brought up your sandwiches...

268

INT. ROOM 403 - FREMONT HOTEL

268

Carol standing near the door, looks at Doc.
He mouths and half-whispers:

DOC

Stall.

Continued...

268 Cont. Doc whips his pen knife out of his pocket, crosses the room to the locked door of the adjoining room. He begins forcing the lock

268

CAROL

Just leave it outside the door, please...I'm not dressed right now.

After a moment --

FRAN

I can't do that, Ma'am. You have to pay now so I can pay back the boy that went out and got the food.

DOC

working on the door, his .45 shoved into the waistband of his pants --

CAROL

thinking hard...
Nervous.

CAROL

All right. You'll have to hold on a minute.

269

DOC

269

breaks the lock and opens the door -- he quickly crosses the darkened room, moves to the front door, slips out his automatic, then gingerly cracks the door.
His eyes tighten in amazement as he sees:

270

RUDY

270

standing slightly behind Fran, his .44 held tightly up to the door jamb, ready for action. Rudy and Fran are fifteen feet down the hallway from Doc's slightly opened door.
They both have their backs turned to him.

DOC

bare-footed, bare-chested; he decides on a course of action.
The door swings open quietly.

271

INT. HALLWAY - FREMONT HOTEL

271

Doc closes the distance between himself and Rudy in two swift strides... Rudy turns, swinging his gun, too late as Doc's .45 CRASHES against his cast. Rudy roars in agony -- his gun falling from his hand, clattering to the floor.
Fran SCREAMS.
Doc again SMASHES with his big pistol, this time across Rudy's ear.
Rudy looks at Doc, still smiling, eyes glazed.

Continued...

271 Cont He collapses abruptly from the terrible battering; Doc standing over the
fallen body.

271

Fran continues to SCREAM.

Doc finally turns away from Rudy, looking now at the shrieking woman. He flattens her with a left hook to the jaw. Fran drops to the floor as if she had been shot.

Suddenly, everything is silent within the corridor.

RUDY

head bloodied -- He lies without movement...

DOC

now slams at the door to 403.

DOC

Open it up...It's me!

Carol swings the door open. Doc bursts back into the room, grabs his shirt, begins to button it.

CAROL

Who was it?

DOC

Rudy. Come on, let's go...

CAROL

Rudy's dead.

DOC

His ghost is right outside.

272..

INT. FOURTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - FREMONT HOTEL

272

as Doc and Carol come back out of 403, step over the fallen bodies and start toward the waiting elevator...Carol stops as she recognizes Rudy -- she carries the black suitcase, Doc holds the shotgun -- wraps it in the laundry bag -- They enter the elevator, Doc frees the chains, lets the grill slide shut.

273

INT. ELEVATOR - FREMONT HOTEL

273

as it HUMS downward.

CAROL

How did he get here? You shot him. I saw it...

.Doc shakes his head.

DOC

I've no idea. The only thing I know is Gollie must've sold us out. Told him we were here.

274

INT. LOBBY - FREMONT HOTEL - AGUIRRE

274

stands at one corner of the reception counter.

Within an alcove behind and to one side of the desk (the area serving as an office) Jim Deer, along with the two Beynon hired guns have stretched Gollie across the pine desk --

Aguirre eyes both the empty lobby and the entrance to the hotel...

JIM DEER

inside the alcove, lifts the wooden chair from behind the desk and breaks it against the wall. He grabs a snapped-off leg of the heavy chair to use as a club, turns back to the desk where the two thugs have Gollie pinioned.

JIM DEER

Just tell us the room number.

GOLLIE

looks back at Jim Deer.

He is very frightened but says nothing --

JIM DEER

SLAMS the wooden club down on Gollie's kneecap.
After Gollie's CRY of pain:

JIM DEER

Now you want to tell me?

GOLLIE

McCoy's in 403, the other guy's in 312.

JIM DEER

You sure about that?

He again whacks Gollie's other knee --

JIM DEER

You can't afford to be wrong, man. You're running out of kneecaps.

275

THE ELEVATOR DOOR - LOBBY - FREMONT HOTEL

275

Doc and Carol emerge, moving quickly for the main entrance.
They get five steps from the elevator before seeing Aguirre.

CAROL

Doc!

A long freeze.

Then: Aguirre snaps his fingers twice.

Jim Deer lowers his club, looks over, as do the two thugs.

Continued...

275 Cont. JIM DEER - THE TWO THUGS

275

appear from the alcove behind Aguirre. They look over his shoulder toward the rear of the hotel, their eyes finding Doc and Carol --

AGUIRRE

I thought it quite unlikely that you would actually follow through on your plans to come here, but it goes to prove a favorite point of my late friend, Jack Beynon. One must play every card.

276

INT. LOBBY - FREMONT HOTEL

276

Doc has one hand in his outside jacket pocket, wrapped around the .45... Laundry bagged shotgun in the other hand.

Carol continues to hold the suitcase. She has drawn the valise up in front of her body, almost like a shield.

The distance between Doc and Carol and the hotel entrance has been effectively cut off by the four opponents standing near the reception desk. Carol edges backward a few steps, toward the massive wooden staircase.

AGUIRRE

Just put down the suitcase, Mr. McCoy. That's all we want. Just the money, my friend. We're not here for revenge. Beynon was a fool. One should never trust one's fate to someone else's wife --

Doc's hand comes out of his jacket pocket, a slow gesture revealing that his palm is empty.

DOC

You want it? Come and take it.

AGUIRRE

Very well then, you have chosen the game.

As the three men reach for their guns --

DOC

moves much faster. He ducks to the right, levels the disguised shotgun and FIRES in the same movement.

Blows the laundry bag to shreds.

The reception desk near Aguirre EXPLODES from the blast -- the four men are stunned by the sudden burst of fire power.

DOC AND CAROL

start to move back upstairs -- hurrying as they go.

Continued...

276 Cont. **FIRST THUG**

276

levels his pistol at the retreating couple. Another SHOT from Doc's shotgun -- this one breaking open the floor at the First Thug's feet.

277

ON THE WINDING STAIRWAY

277

Doc and Carol continue to flee upward. She struggles with the heavy suitcase, Doc transfers the shotgun to his left hand, pulls out the more accurate .45 to use with his right.

278

WITHIN THE LOBBY

278

The four men split forces. Jim Deer and Aguirre run to the elevator, enter it, pull the door shut -- the Two Thugs start for the stairwell in direct pursuit of Doc and Carol. All the men, save Aguirre, now have guns in their hands --

THE TWO THUGS

cautiously going upward. Still below the first level landing, their eyes search overhead; the SOUND of Doc and Carol's pounding feet can be heard...

FIRST THUG

leans out over the bannister, points his gun directly up, FIRES.

279

DOC AND CAROL

279

between the first and second floor landings as the First Thug's bullets tear by, ripping through the wooden bannister supports --

280

INT. ELEVATOR - FREMONT HOTEL

280

Aguirre and Jim Deer watch the arrow indicator pass "2"...

281

DOC

281

aiming his .45, resting it on the bannister...he FIRES three, shots back down the stairwell.

THE TWO THUGS

Moving up the steps two at a time. Suddenly the Second Thug's leg buckles as a .45 slug tears through his hip, the second bullet ripping the wall plaster near his shoulder -- the third through the chest -- He is flattened by the wounds; CRIES out, then tries to get back up, pulls himself over near the bannister and dies...the First Thug continues moving upward.

Continued...

289

ON THE THIRD FLOOR

289

Jim Deer walks cautiously down the corridor, pistol raised -- Carol moves up the stairwell and looks back for Doc. The SOUND of the First Thug's pistol and Doc's answering .45 -- Carol senses a movement, she turns and sees Jim Deer's gun leveled at her. As Carol SCREAMS -- Doc dives onto the landing facing the corridor -- his plane of movement knee high -- the shotgun in his left hand, .45 in his right, both pieces FIRING in unison -- JIM DEER IS HIT TWICE in the chest by .45 slugs. The killing wounds fling him upward as he FIRES his own gun -- his aim destroyed by the death blows, the bullets stray above Carol, high of their mark. The corridor wall near the elevator is smashed by one of the shotguns jumbo SHOTS as is the top of the elevator. The plaster flies away revealing further damage -- Doc BLASTS again, the cables are smashed, the elevator breaks loose and plummets downward.

290

THE EMERGENCY CABLE - INSIDE THE SHAFT

290

The mechanism transfers over, line catching within the pulley housing. The line snaps taut -- halting the speeding car.

291

WITHIN THE LOBBY

291

as the elevator slams to a wrenching stop five feet above the floor level. Aguirre bounces from the floor of the car to the ceiling, then back to the floor. Gollie leans across the reception desk in great pain. He sees the suspended car through the iron grill door. Aguirre lies on the elevator floor, dazed by the fall. Gollie limps over, bends down, and sharply TWISTS AGUIRRE'S neck...

292

DOC - ON THE THIRD FLOOR LANDING

292

Jams shells into his shotgun while holding his .45 ready -- Reloading completed -- he and Carol again begin to move upward...

293

THE FIRST THUG

293

FIRES from the stairwell --

294

DOC

294

stops, sets both the shotgun and the .45 on the bannister...He waits...on the winding staircase below him there is a dark movement... Doc FIRES both guns --

- 281 Cont. The First Thug is now beside the bannister, he points his revolver straight up -- empties it... 281
- 282 DOC AND CAROL 282
as the BULLETS kick up the wood and plaster around them, Doc pulls Carol down -- lifts the shotgun. The howitzer-like gun FIRES down the stairwell with a huge ROAR.
- 283 THE STAIRCASE 283
ten feet in front of the First Thug is smashed by Doc's blast - he climbs over the uprooted planking to continue moving upward.
- 284 THE ELEVATOR INDICATOR 284
stopping at "3"...
- JIM DEER
pulls open the door, moves out into the corridor. Aguirre remains inside the elevator...
- 285 THE FIRST THUG - ON THE STAIRWAY 285
FIRING his pistol upward.
- 286 CAROL - ON THE STAIRWAY ABOVE 286
running ahead of Doc by three steps.
They pass the second landing, keep moving upwards towards the third.
Doc's focus of attention is downward on their pursuers.
Meanwhile above them...
- 287 RUDY - ON THE FOURTH FLOOR 287
again rising like Lazarus from the dead.
His head bloodied from Doc's heavy pistol, he slowly wobbles to his feet...
Rudy looks down at Fran...She SOBS violently, her back leaning against the wall. Rudy picks up his .44, then stumbles into Doc and Carol's room -- He unsteadily crosses to the bathroom, closes the door --
- 288 CAROL 288
frantically moving upward, Doc has now fallen five steps behind.
DOC
FIRES the .45 down the stairwell as:

295

THE STAIRWELL

295

around the First Thug disintegrates -- he is obliterated by the firepower...

296

DOC

296

again resumes his flight upward --

297

INT. ROOM 403 - BATHROOM - FREMONT HOTEL - RUDY

297

holds his bloody head in the sink bowl, dumbly splashing water over himself with his good hand. Rudy's pistol lies on the soap tray...

298

INT. FOURTH FLOOR LANDING - FREMONT HOTEL

298

as Doc and Carol come POUNDING into view.

No further avenues open, they turn down the corridor. Doc grabs Carol, and pushes her into 403, past Fran -- he kicks the door shut...

299

INT. ROOM 403 - FREMONT HOTEL

299

Doc grabs the suitcase, runs to the window, tears off the shade, lifts the frame. He throws the suitcase across the two fire escapes, breaking through the window of the room in the opposite hotel --

300

INT. NEIGHBORING HOTEL ROOM

300

An Old Drunk sits at a table nursing a bottle of beer.
He looks up mildly as the suitcase crashes into his room --

301

INT. ROOM 403 - FREMONT HOTEL

301

Doc helps Carol out onto the fire escape.

He aids her with his left hand, the shotgun now clutched tightly in his right.

CAROL

nervously looks down four floors. She then crosses the short distance between the two iron supports and moves to the broken window of the room. Carol looks back, waiting for Doc. She sees:

DOC

start through the window as Rudy comes out of the bathroom holding his .44 --

RUDY

eyes blazing -- he looks at Doc, then slowly raises his gun.

Continued...

301 Cont. DOC

301

sees Carol's face, he whirls, FIRING the shotgun in a multiple, continuous explosion --

RUDY

DIES SCREAMING. The jumbo charges mash him back against the wall... His cast explodes into a snow storm...

DOC

discards the shotgun, then instantly moves across to the opposite fire escape, KICKS OUT the remaining glass within the frame, then leads Carol into the room.

302 INT. NEIGHBORING HOTEL ROOM

302

The Old Drunk - looks up quizzically as a man and woman enter his room via the window, retrieve their suitcase and cross to the front door where they rapidly exit, shutting the door behind them.
He shakes his head in disbelief.
He calmly takes another drink.

303 INT. NEIGHBORING HOTEL - CORRIDOR

303

Doc and Carol hustle toward the elevator, grab it, enter the car.

304 INT. NEIGHBORING HOTEL - LOBBY

304

The elevator opens. Doc and Carol cross the dingy lobby. Two exits are visible. Doc guides Carol to the side opening.

305 EXT. SIDEWALK - NEIGHBORING HOTEL - LATE AFTERNOON

305

Doc and Carol emerge from the double doors. Two police cars arrive. The officers run into the Fremont. Doc and Carol begin walking quickly away. The SOUND of more approaching SIRENS.
Doc and Carol turn the corner of the street, moving down the sidewalk.

GOLLIE

Doc! Over here, quick.

Doc turns to the direction of the voice. They round a corner, then quickly move into an alley, where Gollie is waiting.

GOLLIE

Come on, we're gonna get you out of here.

306

THE ALLEY IS NARROW, DESERTED.

306

DOC AND CAROL pull back into an alcove as a police car goes SCREAMING down the street and off into the night.

They continue down the alley.

307

THE OPPOSITE ENTRANCE TO THE ALLEY is blocked by a large garbage truck.

307

The DRIVER empties two trash cans. As he starts across the narrow street beyond in order to grab several others, he flashes a signal of "all-clear" to Gollie.

GOLLIE

I'm afraid this ain't gonna be very comfortable...

DOC

It's perfect. They'll never check it out --

The truck starts to slowly back up into the alley entrance...

GOLLIE

Sorry, Doc. That guy didn't leave me any choice. He said he'd hurt my family --

DOC

Forget it. We're even now.

They quickly shake hands --

DOC LOOKS BEHIND HIM, THEN GRABS CAROL'S ARM. They run for the truck. Doc tosses the suitcase into the truck bed, jumps onto the raised tailgate, reaches back, pulls Carol up beside him. Sirens again SOUND close by.

308

INT. GARBAGE TRUCK

308

INSIDE THE TRUCK BED THERE IS A LARGE CARDBOARD CRATE in the middle of the collected trash and debris. Doc digs out a clear space among the broken bottles and food scraps -- he pulls Carol and the suitcase into the crate beside him --

WITHIN THE CRATE, DOC WIGGLES HIS .45 OUT OF HIS jacket. He, Carol and the suitcase are crushed tightly together within the cardboard.

DOC AND CAROL, SWEATING...BREATHING HARD. Again the SOUND of sirens...the truck lurches forward.

309

EXT. STREETS - LATE AFTERNOON

309

THE TRUCK MOVES ALONG THE EMPTY CITY STREETS, passing several prowling squad cars. A load of garbage descends on their shelter, partially obscuring them. THE DRIVER TOSSES ASIDE AN EMPTY REFUSE CAN and swings back into the cab of the truck.

Continued...

309 Cont. THE GARBAGE MAN -- MAKING STOPS THROWING IN MORE 309
REFUSE. The truck continues along...

10 THE CARDBOARD BOX IS NOW ALMOST TOTALLY COVERED 310
WITH DEBRIS.

DOC AND CAROL, THEIR FACES COVERED WITH PERSPIRATION
and flies -- buried within their enclosure under the moist garbage.

311 EXT. JUAREZ/EL PASO BORDER STATION - LATE AFTERNOON 311

At the white line, an AMERICAN CUSTOMS OFFICER emerges from the
station.

As he approaches the cab of the truck.

OFFICIAL

Buenas tardes...Where you headed?

DRIVER

(holding up his border pass)

Juarez...the land fill outside town.

The Official takes the border pass -- glances at it.

a long moment -- then:

He walks to the back of the truck, moves forward to get a better look inside
-- immediately steps back, the stench is overpowering.
He returns quickly to the Driver.

OFFICIAL

You've got a really ripe load there.

He hands back the border pass.
Waves the truck on through.

312 EXT. GARBAGE DUMP - DUSK 312

THE TRUCK GROWLS ALONG THE RUTTED PATHWAY surrounded
by acres of open trash. Areas within the dump reveal slow, smoldering
fires...

THE TRUCK BACKS UP TO A HUGE CRATER HALF-FILLED WITH
REFUSE. THE DRIVER REVS THE ENGINE, PULLS THE BED-LIFT
GEAR...

THE TRUCK BED RISES AND TILTS FORWARD, load of trash tumbling
down the face of the crater.

THE CARDBOARD CRATE SLIDES ALONG THE MOUNTAIN OF
FILTH -- skating forward from the crest.

THE DRIVER GETS OUT OF THE CAB, checks to see that the load is gone
from the truck bed, then drives away...

Continued...

312 Cont. THE CARDBOARD BOX LIES HALF-BURIED AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PIT AMONG broken glass, melon rinds, flashlight batteries, tin cans, used tires... 312

313 DOC SAYS AT A CORNER OF THE CARDBOARD with his penknife. The matted paper gives way, allowing them more room within the box. 313

DOC

You okay?

CAROL

I think so...I don't know.

Doc puts his hand to her face, wiping away a thin trace of blood from a scratch.

DOC

It's not deep. But we should get some disinfectant on it --

Carol tries to smile for the first time in quite a while.
Doc looks across the garbage through the open end of the crate.

DOC

We better stick here til dark.

CAROL

Yeah.

Doc smiles, trying to get her to smile again.

DOC

Looks like we're going to make it.

Carol manages a very weak smile in return.

CAROL

You're sure about that?

As they sit huddled together in their box staring out at the desolate wasteland -- waiting for night to fall...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF EL REY - MEXICO - DAY

Over craggy mountain tops...
A small isolated town --

EXT. DIRT ROAD - MEXICO - DAY

An old, battered, bullet-nosed bus groans along the mountain countryside --
gear box WHINING, engine spitting.

INT. BUS

Peons, chickens, a swarthy and sweaty driver trying to hold his vehicle on the highway...

Doc and Carol near the back.

Dirty, exhausted.

Carol dozes fitfully while Doc stares out at the miles of tropical underbrush visible through the dirty window --

Suddenly, the bus lurches to a stop.

EXT. ROAD - NEAR EL REY - DAY

Doc and Carol exit the rear of the bus, find themselves facing a SMALL GROUP of uniformed guards --

POLICE CHIEF

Welcome to El Rey, Mr. McCoy, Mrs. McCoy.
You've been expected.

Doc smiles.

DOC

You got no idea how good it is to be here.

POLICE CHIEF

At this time we must ask you to let us have all your weapons. I know it is difficult after everything you've been through, but there is no need for them here in El Rey. As you can see, none of us are armed.

Carol looks at Doc --

DOC

I guess we don't have much choice.

Somewhat reluctantly, Doc and Carol hand over their guns...

POLICE CHIEF

And now, we would be pleased to have you accompany us.

INT. GUZMAN'S OFFICE - EL REY - DAY

A very simple, sparsely furnished office in a white-washed villa.
The Police Captain opens the door and gestures for Doc and Carol to enter.
At the window, facing away from them is the local jefe, GUZMAN.

GUZMAN

Welcome. I've heard so much about the two of you. Please sit down...

He turns; all three eye one another --

GUZMAN

Now then, I assume you will be staying with us on the long-term plan?

Doc looks at Carol; shrugs.

DOC

There's no going back for us. We're here to stay.

CAROL

We know the rules -- we brought money --

She holds up the satchel.

GUZMAN

Excellent. We want our guests to be comfortable.

INT. VILLA - EL REY - DAY

Not luxurious, but spacious, tastefully furnished.

A pretty, Hispanic woman real estate agent is showing the property --

CAROL

I think it's fine, don't you, Doc?

DOC

Yeah. It's okay. How much?

AGENT

Only \$15,000 a month. There are several more luxurious homes which should be available soon...

DOC

That's kinda stiff.

AGENT

El Rey is very expensive.

CAROL

Maybe something a little smaller. It's just the two of us...

AGENT

This is our basic model. Very reasonable. At El Rey, we provide only the best for our guests.

DOC

I guess for the time being, if there's nothing else...

AGENT

Relax and enjoy yourself Mr. McCoy. This is what you've always dreamed about...what you've worked so hard to achieve. Yes?

On her look --

INT. BANK - EL REY - DAY

Doc and Carol sit at the desk of a Bank Officer.
Doc clutches the satchel --

BANK OFFICER

I certainly understand your questions about security, Mr. McCoy, especially considering your former profession...But let me assure you, your funds are perfectly safe here. There has never been any theft or loss in the bank's entire history.

DOC

And what's the current interest rate on deposits?

BANK OFFICER

It never varies. Eight percent, senor.

DOC

That's damn good. Better than the states.

CAROL

We've got three million dollars, so that should mean income of about a hundred and eighty thousand dollars every year, Doc. Without even touching the principal.

DOC

We shouldn't have any problem living on that...

BANK OFFICER

I'm not sure you understand, senor. It's eight percent that each deposit pays to the bank. Subtracted in advance each year.

CAROL

You've got to be kidding! We pay the bank to keep our money?

She looks over to Doc.

DOC

You're sure that's the way it works?

BANK OFFICER

Quite sure. It's entirely your choice. The management of El Rey and the police force assume no responsibility for personal theft. And when you consider the clientele of El Rey...

CAROL

You'd have to spend full time guarding the stash.

BANK OFFICER

Precisely...Now for married couples, such as yourselves, we recommend the "separate-joint" account. You each have control over half of the money in the account, but if something were to happen to one of you, the survivor would automatically have access to the totality of the funds. Will that be satisfactory?

CAROL

That sounds alright to me. Doc?

DOC

Sure. Makes sense.

BANK OFFICER

Then if you have no other questions, the bank will officially take possession of your assets.

He reaches out for the satchel.
Which Doc reluctantly hands over...

INT./EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Doc and Carol sitting on the terrace...

A wide assortment of El Rey denizens are eating...

They resemble a wax-works display of deposed dictators, third-world generals, mafioso types, psycho-killers, corrupt politicians, with a few elderly Nazis refugees thrown in for good measure.

CAROL

No prices on the menu.

A WAITER approaches --

WAITER

May I suggest the lobster with a salad to start for the Senora?

CAROL

That'll be fine.

DOC

Uh...just a tossed green salad for me, please.

WAITER

Yes sir. It'll just be a few minutes.

The Waiter places the check down -- moves off.
Doc studies it a moment...

DOC

We're running through money like it's water.
We've got to cut back.

CAROL

What can we do? Everything's expensive here.

DOC

I'm a pretty good poker player. I should be able to help our income a little --

CAROL

If you're going to gamble, do it with your money, not mine.

DOC

If that's the way you want it...

A hard glare passes between them.

INT. CANTINA - EL REY - NIGHT

A small casino; roulette wheel; blackjack table.

Doc works at a high stakes poker game with FIVE or SIX other El Rey fugitives and a Vegas-style DEALER --

DEALER

Up to you..

It's Doc's turn to match the Dealer's raise...

DOC

That's it for me.

He throws his cards down in disgust.

Gathers up a few chips left in front of him and gets up from the table.

DEALER

Better luck tomorrow night, Doc.

INT. GUZMAN'S OFFICE - EL REY - DAY

Doc moves past several Guards stationed outside --

DOC

Look, Guzman, I tried your Casino last night, I lost big -- I don't like playing a fixed game...

GUZMAN

Senor McCoy, I am always happy to listen to your complaints, but really there is nothing to be done. We give you value for every dollar you spend. You had the thrill of gambling, yes? Do you expect that I should endanger my resources? We ask very little. And when your money is gone, you are free to leave. What more can you ask?

DOC

Assuming there's somewhere else to go...The way I got it figured, at the rates you charge, we'll be lucky if three million dollars last us eight years.

GUZMAN

There must be room for newcomers. And besides, eight years is a very long time, no? I am certain there were many times in the course of your work when you did not know if you would live to see the next sunrise. After all, it is not as if you were serving a prison term...

INT. CANTINA - EL REY - NIGHT

Doc is drinking tequila straight from the bottle.

The barroom is crowded with an assortment of rough characters.

Doc sits huddled at a corner table with THOMPSON, a tall, thin man in his late forties --

He has something of the style of a former beatnik/hipster type with big grey beard, hair tied back in a pony-tail.

THOMPSON

Hey man, let me tell you about this place. They keep the peace. You heard that, right? Never any murders here. Nobody ever got shot or strangled. But there are a hell of a lot of accidents; a lot of suicides. My girlfriend's been trying to arrange a little "accident" for me for the last six months. If you're friendly with the right people, you can get away with whatever you want... Women have a big advantage in settin' these accidents up -- I guess you know the reason....

Doc nods and keeps drinking.

INT. VILLA BEDROOM - EL REY - NIGHT

Doc wakes up in a cold sweat from a nightmare.

Momentarily relieved, he looks next to him in the bed.

Carol is gone.

He lies awake --

Watches a small lizard dart across the wall and onto the ceiling where it quickly catches and devours a small bug.

INT. CANTINA - MAIN ROOM - EL REY - NIGHT

The casino floor has been cleared for a special event --

A crudely-lettered banner hangs across the entrance:

EL REY ANNUAL GRAND FIESTA

Doc and Carol in attendance.

He's dressed in a suit and tie; she's wearing a simple but sexy black cocktail dress.

A small, tuxedo-clad band plays familiar songs from the forties and fifties as the population of El Rey dance, drink and mingle.

Doc stands in the corner with Thompson, watches as Carol sweeps across the dance floor, laughing and talking with the Chief of Police.

THOMPSON

It's all politics, man. Survival of the fittest. Know someone here with enough juice -- you arrange a nice little surprise for your wife or husband and boom, you've doubled your bank account.

(pause)

See that woman over there? That's Guzman's sister. The whole Guzman family's livin' off dead gangsters' money. And they live good. Nice racket, huh?

Thompson points out a sultry, GOOD LOOKING WOMAN on the other side of the room --

DOC

Know what? I think I'm gonna ask that lady to dance.

ANOTHER ANGLE - A DIFFERENT SECTION OF THE BALLROOM

Carol sips champagne, listening to the Police Chief and a GROUP OF MEN talking.

She jealously eyes Doc dancing with Guzman's sister --

INT. CASINO BACKROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Doc knocks heavily on the door.

DOC

It's Doc McCoy.

As Doc enters the room, he sees Guzman arranging shots alone at a billiard table.

GUZMAN

The party...you are enjoying it?

DOC

I'm sorry to bother you but...

GUZMAN

I'm never too busy for my friends...

DOC

I've got a problem...It's my wife. I think she's planning something...She's been staying out nights...And I keep seeing her with the Chief of Police. I think maybe...

GUZMAN

You think maybe she would like to see something not-so-pleasant happen to you...

DOC

Maybe.

GUZMAN

And you were perhaps wondering how I would feel if something not-so-pleasant were to happen to her first?

DOC

Yeah. That's kinda what I was wondering.

GUZMAN

Your charming wife approached me a few minutes ago with a similar suggestion. Isn't that right, Mrs. McCoy?

As he calls her name, Carol steps out from behind the curtains of the window-doors leading to the terrace.

GUZMAN

I think maybe I should let the two of you be alone.

A smiling Guzman puts down his billiard cue, leaves --
Doc and Carol face each other.

As the tinny band swings into a ballad, Doc fills his and Carol's champagne glass.

DOC

May as well drink up, baby. After all, we paid for it.

She speaks slowly, sadly --

CAROL

Tell me, Doc. I'm trying to figure it out. How did we get here?

Doc shrugs.

CAROL

You know what I mean. How did we get to -- to this?

DOC

Easy. We took the wrong turn.

Carol touches her glass to his.

CAROL

Here's to you. And your wonderful getaway --

DOC

It isn't over yet. Not for me, at least.

CAROL

Not for me either, Doc. Not by a long, long way.

DOC

Got some ideas?

CAROL

You'll see.

DOC

So will you, honey. So will you.

As they smile at each other...

FADE.